



YLE-WATER BRAES.

BY ROBERT MENNON.

[The following verses are copied from the *Berwick Advertiser*. It may be premised that *yle* is the provincial pronunciation of *ale*. Yle-water is a romantic rivulet that winds its "wimpling way," mid flowery banks and verdant meads, to join the river Eye a short distance above the seaport town of Eyemouth, Berwickshire, Scotland.]

Now winter's awa wi' his auld wrinkl'd face,
An' spring, like a virgin, comes smiling wi' grace,
The trees and the flowers sport they hollyday clase,
An' wait back my fancy to Yle-water braes.

But mem'ry soon tells me my spirits to tame—
I'm hunders o' miles frae my dear native hame;
I greet when name sees me, to think o' the days
When I was a callant on Yle-water braes.

Oh! then was the time I was happy indeed:
The warld an' its hardships ne'er troubl'd my head;
I was blythe as the lamb when at evening it plays
Adown the green valleys 'mang Yle-water braes.

The laverock soar'd gaily toward the blue sky,
As I pu'd the primroses 'mang rocks blooming high,
While lillies sang sweetly their tribute of praise,
Amang the whin bushes on Yle-water braes.

Oh! when will the time come when I shall return
To dwell 'mang those scenes whose long absence I mourn:
Though some who were dear shall nae mair meet my gaze,
There are birds an' primroses on Yle-water braes.

Contented I'd live and contented I'd dee,
In a snug little cot by yon hawthorn tree:
Wi' nature to guide me, I'd study her ways,
Then soar past the laverock frae Yle-water braes.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

Recollections of Mexico.—By Waddy Thompson, Esq., late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Mexico.—New York: Wiley & Putnam.

A work like this, coming from hands that may be well supposed capable of the task, and worthy to be considered as one of authority, would at any time be received with a welcome in the Republic of Letters; but at this peculiar juncture when the amicable relations between the United States and Mexico are unhappily suspended and the two countries are placed in hostile array against each other, there is probably a more than usual curiosity to know anything new, to get any additional glimpse into the characters, manners, and social as well as political affairs of the Mexicans. Mr. Thompson's position as American Minister at Mexico at a very interesting period gave him many opportunities to learn much, and his apparent candour and fairness towards those whom he describes, will allow his readers to rely greatly on what he observes.

At this moment, however, the most interesting topic concerning them is, in all probability, their military character, their resources, their discipline, and their notions on the pending disturbances; and the author having touched these points rather as abstract questions than as probable for immediate use in action, is less likely to be tinged with any prejudices than if he wrote with an eye to certain and speedy contention. We shall extract a passage from his book on these subjects:—

That which is in all respects the greatest nuisance, and the most insuperable barrier to the prosperity and progress of Mexico, is the army. They will tell you there that it amounts to forty thousand men; but they have never had half that number. I have no doubt that the accounts at the Department of War exhibit nearly the number stated, but a large proportion of them are men of straw—fictitious names fraudulently inserted for the benefit of the officers who pay them. They are paid every day, or rather, that is the law; but the pay is just as fictitious as the muster rolls.

They have more than two hundred generals, most of them without commands. Every officer who commands a regiment has the title of general, and is distinguished from generals who have no commands by the addition of "General efectivo." The rate of pay is not very different from that of our own army. Each officer and soldier, however, is his own commissary, no rations being issued; and they are well satisfied if they receive enough of their pay to procure their scanty rations, which was very rarely the case, except with Santa Anna's favorite troops, whom he always kept about his person, and this made it their interest to sustain him. In one of the last conversations which I had with him, I told him that the army would remain faithful to him just so long as he could pay them, and no longer, and that I did not see how it was possible for him to pay them much longer.

The result proved the truth of both predictions, and that, I have no doubt, was the cause of the revolution which overthrew him. It was not alone with the French *sansculottes* that "la liberte et la peine" is a cry of fearful potency. Shortly before I left Mexico, an officer in the army came to the city and settled his accounts with the War Department, and received a certificate that twenty-

five hundred dollars were due him; after hawking it about amongst the brokers, he sold the claim for a hundred and twenty-five dollars, which was five cents on the dollar.

They say they are obliged to have a standing army, and that they can only enforce their laws "by the grace of God and gunpowder." This may be true, but I doubt it. But if this be, is there any military man who will deny that five thousand soldiers well-paid, fed and disciplined, would be more efficient than fifty thousand such troops as they have? It has been the policy of all great commanders not to take doubtful and undisciplined troops into a great battle. I do not hesitate to say that if I was in command of an army of ten thousand disciplined troops, and was going into battle, and was offered ten thousand more Mexican troops, that I would not take them. Napier, in his history of the Peninsular War, describing some battle, uses this expression: "The British army was strengthened or rather *weakened* by twenty thousand undisciplined Spanish troops." The inequality between disciplined and undisciplined troops is estimated by military men as one to five. This inequality is much greater with large masses, and I do not think that any commander could perform a tactical evolution with five thousand Mexican troops. I do not believe that such an one—a manoeuvre in the face of an enemy—ever was attempted in any Mexican battle; they have all been mere melees or mob fights, and generally terminated by a charge of cavalry, which is, therefore, the favorite corps with all Mexican officers. I should regard it, from the diminutive size of their horses and equally diminutive stature and feebleness of their riders, as utterly inefficient against any common infantry. I said so in conversation with Colonel B—n, an officer who had seen some service, and had some reputation. I was not a little amused at his reply. He admitted that squares of infantry were generally impregnable to cavalry, but said it was not so with the Mexican cavalry, that they had one resource by which they never had any difficulty in breaking the square. I was curious to know what this new and important discovery in the art of war was, and waited impatiently the "push of his one thing," when to my infinite amusement he replied—the Lasso; that the cavalry *armed* with lassos rode up and threw them over the men forming the square, and pulled them out, and thus made the breach. I remembered that my old nurse had often got me to sleep when a child, by promising to catch me some birds the next day, by putting salt on their tails, which I thought was about as easy an operation as this new discovery of the Mexican colonel. I had read of "kneeling ranks and charging squadrons," but this idea of lassoing squadrons was altogether new to me. Bonaparte fought and gained the battle of the Pyramids against the best cavalry in the world, the Mamelukes, entirely in squares. He lost the battle of Waterloo because the British squares were impenetrable to the next best—the French cavalry—during all of that long and awful conflict. The idea, however, of the lasso did not occur to the Mamelukes in Egypt, nor to Bonaparte at Waterloo. I was reminded of the equally novel attack of the Chinese upon the English, when they were all formed in battle array and the Chinese threw somersets at them instead of cannon balls and shells.

The Mexican army, and more particularly their cavalry, may do very well to fight each other, but in any conflict with our own or European troops, it would not be a battle but a massacre. Frederick the Great, who was the author, in a great degree, of the modern system of tactics, had three maxims as to cavalry. First, that a cavalry corps should never be charged but should always make the charge. Second, that, in a charge of cavalry, they were not going fast enough unless when halted the froth from the mouth of the horse struck the rider in the face; and third, which was rather the summing up of the first two, that the spur was more important than the sword. In other words, that the impulse and momentum of the horse was of more consequence than the arms and blows of the rider. What then must be the murderous inequality between a corps of American cavalry and an equal number of Mexicans? The American corps, from the superior size of their horses, would cover twice as much ground, and the obstruction offered by the Mexicans on their small and scrawny ponies would scarcely cause their horses to stumble in riding over them; to say nothing of the greater inequality of the men themselves, five to one at least in individual combats, and more than twice that in a battle. The infantry would be found even more impotent.

I do not think that the Mexican men have much more physical strength than our women. They are generally of diminutive stature, wholly unaccustomed to labour or exercise of any sort, and as a conclusive proof of their inferiority to our Indians, I will mention the fact that frequent incursions are made far into the interior of Mexico by marauding bands of Comanches, who levy black mail to an enormous extent upon the northern provinces of Mexico. It is not unusual for bands of a hundred Comanches thus to penetrate several hundred miles into Mexico and carry off as many horses, cattle and captives as they choose; there are not less than five thousand Mexicans at this moment slaves of the Comanches—and of all our western tribes the Comanches are the most cowardly,—the Delawares frequently whip them five to one.

The soldiers of the Mexican army are generally collected by sending out recruiting detachments into the mountains, where they hunt the Indians in their dens and caverns, and bring them in chains to Mexico; there is scarcely a day that droves of these miserable and more than half naked wretches are not seen thus chained together and marching through the street to the barracks, where they are secured and then dressed in a uniform made of linen cloth or of serge, and are occasionally drilled—which drilling consists mainly in teaching them to march in column through the streets. Their military bands are good, and the men learn to march indifferently well—but only indifferently well—they put their feet down as if they were feeling for the place, and do not step with that jaunty, erect and graceful air which is so beautiful in well drilled troops. As to the wheelings of well-trained troops, like the opening and shutting of a gate or the prompt and exact execution of other evolutions, they know nothing about them. There is not one in ten of these soldiers who have ever seen a gun, nor one in a

hundred who has ever fired one before he was brought into the barracks. It is in this way that the ranks of the army are generally filled up—in particular emergencies the prisons are thrown open, which always contain more prisoners than the army numbers, and these felons become soldiers and some of them officers. Their arms, too, are generally worthless English muskets which have been condemned and thrown aside, and are purchased for almost nothing and sold to the Mexican government. Their powder, too, is equally bad; in the last battle between Santa Anna and Bustamante, which lasted the whole day, not one cannon ball in a thousand reached the enemy—they generally fell about half way between the opposite armies.

Touching the political liberty in Mexico, and the national industry there, Mr. Thompson did not find anything flattering, for although there is not any legalized slavery in the country, there are matters which are more than tantamount to that wretched condition, and the little industry that is to be found among them is exercised under compulsion by the wretched beings who have become amenable to such coercion.

There are a good many negroes in Vera Cruz; more, probably, than in any other portion of Mexico. I did not see half-a-dozen negroes in the city of Mexico in a residence there of two years, and very few mulattoes. It is a very great mistake to suppose that they enjoy anything like a social equality, even with the Indian population; and, although there are no political distinctions, the aristocracy of color is quite as great in Mexico as it is in this country; and the pure Castilian is quite as proud that he is a man without "a cross," as was old Leatherstocking, even if that cross should have been with the Indian race however remote. The negro, in Mexico, as everywhere else, is looked upon as belonging to class a little lower than the lowest—the same lazy, filthy, and vicious creatures that they inevitably become where they are not held in bondage. Bondage or barbarism seems to be their destiny—a destiny from which the Ethiopian race has furnished no exception in any country for a period of time long enough to constitute an epoch. The only idea of the free negro of liberty in Mexico, or elsewhere, is exemption from labor, and the privilege to be idle, vicious, and dishonest; as to the mere sentiments of liberty, and the elevating consciousness of equality, they are incapable of the former; and, for the latter, no such equality ever did or ever will exist. There is a line which cannot be passed by any degree of talent, virtue, or accomplishment. The greater the degree of these, which, in rare individual instances, may exist, and the nearer their possessors may approach this impassable barrier, they are only the more miserable. This may be called prejudice, but it is a prejudice which exists wherever the Caucasian race is found; and nowhere is it stronger than in Mexico. The negro is regarded and treated there as belonging to a degraded caste equally as in the United States; much more so than in South Carolina; in quite as great a degree as in Boston or Philadelphia.

Whilst upon this subject, it may not be inappropriate to allude to the system of servitude which prevails in Mexico—a system immeasurably worse for the slave, in every aspect, than the institution of slavery in the United States. The owners of the estate (haciendas) receive laborers into their service. These laborers are ignorant, destitute, half naked Indians; certain wages are agreed upon, which the employer pays in food, raiment, and such articles as are absolutely necessary; an account is kept of all these things, and neither the labourer nor his family can ever leave the estate until all arrearages are paid. These of course he has no means of paying but by the proceeds of his labour, which, being barely sufficient for his subsistence, he never can get free; and he is not only a slave for life, and his children after him, unless the employer chooses to release him from his service, which he often finds it convenient to do when the labourer becomes old or diseased. Whatever may be the theoretical protection from corporal punishment which the law affords him, the Mexican slave is practically no better off in this respect than is the African slave in this country. All the labourers in Mexico are Indians; all the large proprietors Spaniards, or of mixed blood. I say all; there may be a few exceptions, but they are very few of either. So of the army; the higher officers are all white men, or of mixed blood, the soldiers all Indians.

The plough in universal use is that used two thousand years ago—neither more nor less than a wooden wedge, without a particle of iron attached to it. The hoe is a wooden staff, with an iron spike in the end. What is still more remarkable, the only animal used in ploughing is the ox; a planter, with twenty thousand horses and mules (by no means an unusual number), will only use his oxen in the plough. If you ask why this is, the only answer I can give is, that the Spaniard never changes his habits, nor anything else but his government. All the passion for change which exists in other men, with him is concentrated in political changes.

It is this peculiar characteristic which has tended more than any and every other cause to produce the present degraded state of Spain. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Spain might justly be regarded as the most powerful of the nations of the earth; she had not only expelled the Moors, but had conquered a large portion of Africa; discovered America, and was in possession of its untold and seemingly exhaustless treasures, with a galaxy of great men, which all the rest of the world could scarcely equal. What is she now? a byword amongst the nations; whilst other countries have been moving on in a constant career of improvements in every way, she has folded her arms in sullen pride; and, as she has refused to advance, she has of necessity retrograded, for nations cannot long remain stationary.

I believe that it is true, and it is most remarkable if true, that there is not in the world such a thing as a railroad in any country where the Spanish language is spoken, with the exception of a short one in Cuba, which owes its existence to American enterprise. During my residence in Mexico, constantly as the contrast between everything there and in my own country was presented to me, the feelings which were excited were not so much of pride and exultation in our own happier destiny, and superiority in everything, as the more generous one of a profound sympathy for the wretched condition of a country upon which a bountiful Providence has showered its blessings with a more profuse hand than upon any other upon the face of the earth. Whilst in our cities and towns you hear the busy hum of incessant industry, and the shrill whistle of the steam-engine, there you hear nothing but the drum and fife; whilst we have been making railroads, they have been making revolutions.

A more striking proof of the unconquerable repugnance of the Mexican to labour cannot be given, than the fact that short staple cotton sells there at from forty to fifty cents per pound, while they have lands and climates as well adapted to its culture as ours, and these lands dirt cheap; yet they never make enough for their own small consumption. The importation of cotton is positively forbidden by law; but this law is often relaxed, by selling the privilege to mercantile companies to import a certain number of bales. If such prices should

be obtained at home, our northern people would discover some plan of raising it profitably in hot-houses.

Although the whole road from the city of Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico passes through a country inexpressibly picturesque and beautiful, yet the ignorant, idle, and degraded population, the total absence of cultivation and improvement, and a general appearance of wildness and desolation, produced with me feelings partaking of gloom and melancholy. Neither in going nor returning did I see one human being, man, woman, or child, engaged at work of any sort. The great mass of the population doze out their lives with no higher thoughts or purposes than the beasts which perish around them.

Robbers are numerous, but they are on the whole cowards. Not a few of the offenders are persons who having lost their all at the gaming table take to the highway to replenish their purses and some of them are even of rank and consideration in society. Take the following.

Shortly before I left Mexico, the stage was robbed near Puebla. The robbers all had the dress and bearing of gentlemen. When the operation of rifling the pockets and trunks of the passengers were finished, one of the robbers said to them,—"Gentlemen, we would not have you to suppose that we are robbers by profession; we are gentlemen [somos caballeros], but we have been unfortunate at monte, and that has forced upon us the necessity of thus accommodating you, for which we beg that you will pardon us." Innumerable are the stories of robberies which one hears in Mexico, some of them of thrilling interest and romantic character. The case of Colonel Yanes, who was executed a few years since, is full of incident of a character deeply dramatic. I will briefly sketch them as they were told to me.

The Swiss consul resided in the street of St. Cosme. About twelve or one o'clock in the day time, a carriage drove up to his door, and three men got out, one in the dress of a priest; they were admitted by the porter, and the door closed, when they immediately seized and gagged him, went into the house, and robbed and murdered the consul. The only clue for the discovery of the murderers was a metal button with a small piece of blue cloth attached to it, which was found clenched in the fingers of the murdered man, and which he had torn from the coat of one of the robbers. Suspicion at last rested upon a soldier who was seen with more money than he could account for. His quarters were searched, and the coat from which the button had been torn was found there. He was convicted, but he relied with the utmost confidence upon a pardon, as Colonel Yanes, the favorite aide-de-camp of President Santa Anna, was his accomplice. He was brought out to be executed, and had actually taken his seat on the fatal bench, with the collar placed round his neck, and the crank about to be turned, when he said—"Hold! I will disclose who are my accomplices—Colonel Yanes is the chief!" The execution was suspended, and on searching the house of Yanes, a correspondence in cipher was discovered which fully established his guilt in this and in other robberies. Yanes was the paramour of a woman in Mexico very nearly related to one whose word was law, and whose influence over her relative was known to be very great, and upon that reliance was placed for a pardon at least; but she was not disposed to trust to that, and let her lover suffer the disgrace of conviction—she went to the judge with whom the cipher had been deposited, which furnished the evidence of the guilt of Yanes, and offered him a large bribe to give it up.

He was an honest and an upright judge; he sternly refused the bribe, and firmly resisted the menaces of this powerful woman. In a day or two he died suddenly, as all supposed by poison. A successor was appointed of principles less stern, who accepted the bribe, and promised to destroy the paper; but when, in confession to his priest, he disclosed his corrupt conduct, the worthy man prevailed upon him, if he had not destroyed the paper, not to do so, and he did not. Yanes, in the meantime, was informed that this evidence would not be produced against him, and that the prosecution would rest entirely upon the testimony of his accomplice. Upon his trial, with the habitual air of command of an officer, and the habitual fear and submission of the common soldier, Yanes browbeat and confused his accuser to such a degree, that he felt secure of an acquittal. At this moment the fatal paper was produced, and he was condemned and executed. His not less guilty paramour still resides in the city of Mexico.

The National Pawn Shop, and the revolutionary habits of the Mexicans have created a singular species of economy in the country; there is considerable good with some evil in the institution and the customs which has arisen from the combined causes:

I should not omit to notice the great national pawn-shop of Mexico, Monte Pio, the funds of which are supplied by the Government, an institution under the superintendence of Don Francisco Tagle, a distinguished and virtuous man. Persons who are pressed for money, and have anything whatever to pawn, take it there and have it valued, and receive in money two-thirds of the sum at which it is valued. They are allowed to keep the money for six months, at an interest of six per cent., when, if they are not able to redeem the article which they have pawned, it is sold, provided the sum advanced with interest is bid for it; if that is not the case, it is not sold. Whatever sum above that amount the article is sold for, is paid over to the owner.

A very large and splendid building, on the public square, which was built by Cortes, and which, I believe, is still owned by his descendants, is appropriated to this institution, very many rooms of which are filled with the infinite varieties of articles which have been pawned; all of which the superintendent very kindly showed me. In one room are hung up old garments of the Indians, the larger portion of which are literally of no earthly value but to a paper manufacturer; in another, the swords, epaulettes, and uniforms of military officers, plate of every description, snuff-boxes set in diamonds, and sets of pearls and brilliants, one of which I saw being valued at ten thousand dollars. The effects of this institution are altogether beneficial, as many necessitous and ignorant people are saved by it from those harpies, pawnbrokers and usurers.

The habit of accumulating jewels is always most common in revolutionary times and countries, as wealth is more portable, and, what is more important, more easily concealed in that than in any other form. I was very much struck with one instance of this, which came under my observation. There was an old Indian woman, who sold vegetables at the house at which I stayed when I first went to Mexico; she never wore stockings, nor any other articles of clothing but a chemise and petticoat, and reboza (a long shawl). I noticed on her neck one day a strand of beads which looked like pearls, but it is very difficult for one not accustomed to them to distinguish the genuine pearls from the cheap imitations. I said to my hostess, "Of course those are not real pearls which that old woman wears." "Indeed," said she, "they are." I asked what was their value, and was told fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars. All the balance of her worldly gear was, doubtless, not worth ten dollars. I entered into conversation with the old Indian woman, asked her why she had not laid out her

money in something more useful, a house, for example. "Yes," said she, "and have it destroyed in some revolution, or have high taxes to pay for it!" No," she continued, "I am now secure against every suffering; when I am sick or very old, I can pawn this at Monte Pio, or sell them one at a time, as I have bought them."

I will mention another instance of a similar character. A very worthy man, a native of the United States, had married a Mexican woman, from whom he had separated, not without cause. She was about to commence legal proceedings against him, and, as he was a foreigner and she a Mexican, he saw the danger to which he was exposed. They both called upon me, and asked my interposition to procure an amicable arrangement between them. With not a little difficulty I at length brought them to terms—he allowed her a hundred dollars a month.

A few months afterwards she came to see me, and complained that the allowance was not a sufficient one. I told her that I was afraid that she had been a little extravagant, and my eyes, at the same time, rested on four diamond rings which she had on her fingers. She became very angry, and, amongst other things said: "You are unfust, sir, to say so; look here, sir," holding out her hand, "do you call a woman extravagant who, out of so small an allowance, has saved enough money in a few months to purchase four such rings as these?" "Well, really, madame," said I, "it is rather an odd proof of your frugality, that you have purchased four costly rings." "Yes, sir," said she, "you say so because you know nothing of the habits of our country. I have bought these rings that hereafter, if I should be reduced to want, I may sell them, or pawn them at Monte Pio."

The old vegetable woman, I have no doubt, stated what was the true motive for her purchase of the pearls; I had some doubt in the other case.

Cock-fighting is a favourite amusement with the Mexicans, and at particular periods, such as the feast of St. Augustin, there is much gambling carried on. Santa Anna himself was particularly fond of cock-fighting.

Shortly after my arrival in Mexico, the great gambling feast of St. Augustin took place. I am not sufficiently learned upon the subject of Catholic Saints to know why St. Augustin is the patron of gamblers, and his anniversary is celebrated by all sorts of games. The village of San Augustin is about twelve miles from Mexico, and there this festival is celebrated. Every human creature in Mexico, high and low, old and young, who can get there, is certain to go. Booms are engaged, and preparations make for weeks beforehand. Doubloons, which are generally worth only fifteen dollars and a quarter, as the festival approaches rise in value to sixteen and seventeen dollars. It is not genteel to bet anything but gold. The scene opens with cock-fighting, about twelve o'clock. It is attended by everybody. When I entered the cock-pit, Santa Anna and General Bravo, with a large number of the most distinguished men in Mexico, and quite a large number of ladies of the highest circles, were already there. The master of ceremonies on the occasion walked into the pit, and exclaimed two or three times, "Ave Maria purissima los gallos vieuen!"—Hail most pure Mary, the chicken-cocks are coming! Whereupon a cock is brought in covered and a challenge is proclaimed, a *challenge*, to all comers, which is very soon accepted. The fowls are then uncovered, and allowed to walk about the pit, that the spectators may see them, and select the one on which they choose to risk their money. Those in the seats call some of the numerous brokers who are always in attendance, and, and give them whatever sum of money they desire to bet, and designate their favourite cock. Before the fight commences, the broker returns and informs the person whose money he has received whether his bet has been taken. If he loses, he sees no more of the broker; but if he wins, he is perfectly sure to get his money. A small gratification is expected by the broker, but never asked for, if it is not voluntarily given. I have been surprised to see these fellows, who are often extrusted with the money of a dozen different persons, never make a mistake as to the person for whom the bet was made, nor the amount of it. And it is another evidence of what I have before remarked as to the honesty of that class of Mexicans, that they never attempt to go off with the money, which they could so easily do, for it would be as indosible for a stranger to identify one of these Indians, as it would be to select a particular crow out of a flock of a hundred.

I saw, on these occasions, a sign which I thought ominous—there was always the most vociferous shouting whenever Santa Anna's fowl lost his fight.

As soon as the cock-fighting is over, the gambling at monte commences. There are a great many public tables, and some private ones. It is at the latter only that Santa Anna plays. There are many tables where nothing but gold is bet, others where nothing but silver, and other tables again for copper. The game is a perfectly fair one, and one at which cheating is, I should think, impossible.

There is some very small advantage in the game in favor of the bank. I think it is only this: if the bet is decided in favour of the better on the first turn, there is a very small deduction from the amount paid, an eighth, or perhaps a fourth. But there is another, and a much more important advantage to the bank, in this, as in all of these public games; men always double and bet high when they have won, and, generally speaking, if the bank wins one bet in three, the better has lost in the end. I had not seen one of these public games played for very many years until I went to Mexico, and only saw it twice there; but my own observation has fully satisfied me of the truth of what I have said, and I should be rejoiced to know that this suggestion had prevented any person from indulging in those most pernicious of games, pernicious as all games of chance are. I was very much struck with one thing which I noticed. I have seen, I am sure, fifty thousand dollars on the tables at once, probably in fifty different piles, and belonging to as many different betters, and yet I never witnessed a dispute of any sort as to the ownership of any one of these piles. I have seen a sum which the person who bet had omitted to take up when he had won; no one claimed it until it had increased to quite a large sum by winning double every time; and when, even, it would be asked whose bet it was, and thus announced that it was forgotten, no one would claim it.

The gravity and propriety of Spanish manners are never wanting, even at the gaming table. I have seen men in the humbler walks of life lose several thousand dollars, and perhaps the last which they possessed, without a frown, or the slightest sign of emotion of any sort. Greatly pernicious as is the practice of gaming everywhere, and in all its forms, I do not think that it is anywhere so much so as in Mexico. The people of all mining countries are characteristically thrifless and improvident, but, I believe, nowhere more than in Mexico. There are very few instances in Mexico of men who have any idea of that certain competency which is the reward of industry in any employment, and the savings of even small earnings, whereby the small gains of one year swell those of the next, which is so well expressed in the maxim of Dr. Franklin, "that the second hundred dollars is much easier made than the first, the first assisting to make the second." Whilst they habitually postpone everything, *hasta manana*, until to-

morrow, they never think of making any provision for that to-morrow. If they ever do lay up money, it is for the purpose of attending the feast of St. Augustin, and with the hope of winning a fortune with it. They hear of some one, perhaps, who have done so, but they do not think of the thousands who have lost.

When I first saw him (Santa Anna) at Encerro, he was examining his chicken-cocks, having a large main then depending—he went round the coops and examined every fowl, and gave directions as to his feed; some to have a little more, others to be stinted. * There was one of very great beauty, of the colour of the partridge, only with the feathers tipped with black, instead of yellow or white; and the male in all respects like the female, except in size. He asked me if we had any such in this country, and when I told him that we had not, he said that if that one gained his fight he would send him to me,—he was the only one of fifteen which did not lose his fight; and shortly after my return, when I visited New York, I found the fowl there. I had thought no more about it, and had no idea that he would.

After examining his chicken-cocks we returned to the house, and then he was all the President—and to have listened to the eloquent conversation which I have sketched, one would not have supposed that he had ever witnessed a cock-fight.

The taste for this amusement, which amongst us is regarded as barbarous and vulgar, is in Mexico by no means peculiar to Santa Anna. It is universal, and stands scarcely second to the bull-fight.

There are several anecdotes in the book, in writing which Mr. Thompson indulges his feelings of patriotism and of liberal feeling. Two of them we shall give here, and shall resume our account of the work again next week.

When the prisoners of the Texan Santa Fe expedition were liberated by General Santa Anna, in June, 1842, they were furnished with as much money as was supposed to be necessary to take them home. But being unable to procure a vessel, and consequently detained some time in Vera Cruz, they were without money or credit, and in the midst of disease and death. Mr. L. S. Hargoes, an American merchant, with a liberality and humanity of which few men would have been capable in like circumstances, advanced them between ten and fifteen thousand dollars. Some time afterwards he travelled to Mexico in the stage, and rode outside with the driver Nathan Gilland, a native of New York. Gilland asked him if it was true that he had advanced so large a sum to the Texans as he had heard. Mr. Hargoes told him that it was.

The next morning about the time the stages were starting from Perote, the one returning to Jalapa, the other going to Mexico, Gilland took Mr. Hargoes aside and said to him, "Sir, I do not think it right that you should suffer all the loss by the Texans—you know none of them and only relieved them because they were Americans; now, I think it nothing but fair that all the Americans in Mexico should share the loss, and here are two hundred dollars which I am willing to give for my part of it." "Very well, Nathan," said Mr. Hargoes, "if I should ever stand in need of two hundred dollars, I will certainly call upon you."

I would mention a circumstance which annoyed me not a little. A few days before my arrival at Puebla, two of the Texans who had been confined there made their escape, Major Howard and another whose name I have forgotten. They were secreted by an Englishwoman at great peril to herself; when one of her friends asked her why she had done so imprudent a thing, and added, they are not Englishmen, she replied, that she knew they were not, but that they had white skins and spoke the English language. The Mexican officers of all grades were everywhere on the lookout for the refugees. They very wisely determined not to take the route to Vera Cruz where they would be expected, but to go to Mexico, for nowhere is concealment so easy as in a large city. I had heard of the escape of two prisoners, and as soon as it was daylight I at once recognised them as my fellow-passengers in the stage, and a Mexican captain was another. One of the Texans, a fine looking and striking young man, whose person and bearing at once bespoke his race and country, was less cautious than Major Howard, and old Indian warrior. He talked a great deal, and all about Texas. I found myself in the same stage with these Texans, in the worst possible order with the Mexicans on account of my well-known feelings towards Mexico, and about to make my entry into Mexico under such circumstances. If they had been discovered, it would have been in vain to have denied my knowledge of them or participation in their plans of escape. They were not, however, suspected, and got out of the stage before it arrived in Mexico, and never, I am sure, was I so much rejoiced to be rid of two as agreeable companions.

The generous and honorable sentiment so well expressed by the Englishwoman of Puebla leads me to remark that my residence in Mexico furnished me more evidence than one, of the powerful sympathy of race. Even the revengeful character of the Spaniard yields to it. Notwithstanding the recent termination of the fierce and sanguinary civil war which has raged between Mexico and the mother country, no other people are so favourably regarded by the Mexicans as the Spaniards. And I can say with truth, that I never met an Englishman there that did not feel the full force of "the white skin and the English language"—and I had no cause to believe that the same feeling was not entertained towards me by the English gentlemen in Mexico; and why, in God's name, should it be otherwise? I would not sell "for the seas' worth," my share of the glory of my English ancestry, Milton, Shakespeare and John Hampden, and those noble old barons who met King John at Runnymede; and on the other hand, Englishmen should have a just pride in the prosperity and greatness of our country. In the beautiful language of a highly gifted and liberal minded Englishman, Mr. Charles Augustus Murray, "whether we view the commercial enterprise of America or her language, or her love of freedom, parochial, legal or civil institutions, she bears indelible marks of her origin; she is and must continue the mighty daughter of a mighty parent, and although emancipated from maternal control, the affinities of race remains unaltered. Her disgrace must dishonour their common ancestry, and her greatness and renown should gratify the parental pride of Britain." Accursed be the vile demagogue who would wantonly excite another and fratricidal war between the two greatest and only free countries of the earth.

BERMUDA.—NO. 5.

BY A FORMER RESIDENT.

The easternmost of the cluster of Islands is called St. George, and a town on its south side, fronting St. David's, has the same name.—Here was formerly the seat of government. The harbour is capacious, and completely land-locked; the entrance being from the eastward, where the two islands almost meet, and which is commanded by Fort Cunningham. On the ridge of land extending northwardly are the barracks, where a regiment is usually quartered. This elevation continues round in the rear of the town, and terminates at Signal Hill,

near its western extremity,—which commands the anchorage on the north side, as well as the harbour. Opposite the anchorage are what are called the Tanks, being extensive reservoirs, where vessels of war can obtain a supply of water; the principal depot being at the Wells, at a place called Brackish Pond, a short distance from Spanish Point. It may be as well here to mention that rain-water is commonly used at Bermuda, each house having attached to it a tank, with conductors from the roof, which being composed of sand-stone that has been whitewashed with lime, it is thus rendered limpid and pure. In St. George there is a Mayor and Corporation, and probably a thousand or twelve hundred inhabitants.

At the western end of St. George island, there is a ferry, through which runs a rapid and dangerous tide, and which is commanded by a fort. We recollect an instance in which the lives of several persons were jeopardised by an attempt to cross this arm of the sea, with three horses belonging to the thoughtless and inconsiderate passengers. These gentlemen had been to St. George on a party of pleasure, and were returning to Hamilton to partake of the pleasures of a ball, given on an occasion called a house warning. An Irish officer who possessed to the fullest extent the hospitable feelings of his countrymen, commanded a detachment of his regiment stationed at the fort, and had beguiled the time necessary for a boat to be put across after the signal for one was made, by briskly circulating a bottle or two of excellent port-wine. Being anxious to cross, and perhaps a little excited by what they had taken, the party insisted upon getting the three horses into a boat, not sufficiently large to carry them safely, contrary to the remonstrances of the ferryman; and the consequence was, that when the boat reached the mid-channel, where there was somewhat of a sea, she filled and sank. A Bermudian can swim like a duck; and accordingly the ferryman and his people struck out for the shore, while his passengers coolly waited for the empty boat to rise, and held on by her till all hands were rescued by boats from the land. The horses swam to the opposite side, and reached a point where the rocks were unfortunately high and steep, and would have been drowned, had it not been for the presence of mind of a Wesleyan minister, who was waiting to cross, and who came from a part of England, where it is said if you "give a man a bridle he'll find a horse." Seizing a harpoon which was at hand, he went to the edge of the cliff, and hooking them by their head-gear, led them successively round to the beach. The passengers on reaching the opposite shore, proceeded to the house of a warm-hearted Scotsman, who had been originally shipwrecked on the island, and whose heart and doors were never closed against the traveller on his way. Here dry clothes were procured of every variety and fit, and as it had become too late to proceed to Hamilton, and partake of the festivities of the evening there, a fiddler and lassies, in addition to those of his family, were procured after tea, and the evening was spent in the utmost hilarity and glee.

On the opposite side of the ferry, or main land, the principal road lies near the shore on the north side, while another diverges and passes round the Sound. A beautiful sheet of water, into which it rushes at flood-tide with great velocity at the Flatts' bridge, opposite a village of that name, where the two roads meet, again to diverge; one continuing on the north side, past the Wells at Brackish Pond, to Spanish Point, by roads crossing to Hamilton, which is about a mile in the rear, at different points, and passing Mount Langton, the residence of the Governor, the seat of Government having been removed from St. George to that place, about thirty-three years since; the other, called the South-side road, after leaving the Flatts, and sending off a branch to its right direct to Hamilton, communicates with that place also, and extends to Somerset, a small town at the extreme western part of Bermuda, which is separated from Ireland Island by a narrow channel or arm of the sea. The north side road, when the wind blows strong on shore, is exposed and disagreeable; but the middle and south side roads afford most delightful rides, and abound with orange, lemon, the fig, pomegranate and date trees.

Shortly after the arrival of the writer in Bermuda, he had occasion to visit the property of a gentleman who resided on the former of these roads, for the purpose of procuring a quantity of lemons, which he obtained, having spent some time in plucking them without seeing the owner, who usually spent the best part of the day in bed. He used to tell a medical gentleman who attended him that medicine could not reach his disease, it having penetrated his very bones—that disease he said was idleness; and his estate bore testimony to the truth of the remark, for it was a perfect personification of the home of the sluggard, as described in the school-book, and which must be familiar to our readers; commencing with,—

"I pass'd by the garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow higher and higher;
The clothes that hung on him was turning to rags,
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs."

We have already stated that the south side road terminates at Somerset, where is an extensive settlement, near which is the light-house that has been recently erected, and which we understand is visible from a vessel's deck at a distance of twenty-seven miles. The entire road, passing Crow Lane Saltkettle, Heron Bay and Port Royal, is generally speaking through a cultivated country, the scenery of which is diversified and enlivened by white-washed houses, with flower and kitchen gardens, that adjoin the road or dot the neighbouring localities. The principal ship-owners reside at Hamilton, where consequently the shipping resort; vessels entering through the intricate channels at the West End, passing round Ireland point, or between that island and Somerset, where some are also owned; as is the case at Port Royal and Saltkettle, opposite Hamilton. We cannot take leave of this place, where were spent many happy hours,

"In life's gay morn, when sprightly youth,
With vital ardour glowed,

And shone in all the fairest forms,
That beauty has bestowed"

Where many a lad I knew is dead

And many a lass grown old;

without adverting to the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded. In an island so replete with this distinction of nature it becomes difficult to say what portion has the preference; but the view from the ridge in the rear of Hamilton—the town lying mostly on the acclivity of a hill—at least towards the head of the harbour, commands a wide extent of country, and from the highest point of which the ocean on the south side may be seen; on the opposite side of the harbour, are the extended villages of Salt Kettle and Crow Lane, and far in the distance are Heron Bay and Port Royal; the view being terminated in that direction by the islands lying across the mouth of the harbour, which separate it from the Great Sound; while almost under the feet of the spectator as it were,

"The cedar boat moves slowly past,
And he may almost touch the sail,
That lingers idly round her mast."

The Legislature of Bermuda meet at Hamilton, and consists of an Executive Council, the members of which are appointed by the Crown, and a House of Assembly, composed of representatives from the different parishes of the Island. The town like St. George is incorporated, the worthy and respected gentleman who is at present its Mayor, being we believe the same individual, who held office there in 1814; this remark will apply to the Speaker of the Assembly. There are eight or nine parish churches in the Islands, a Presbyterian church at Salt Kettle, and Wesleyan church at Hamilton and St. George; the foundation stone of the former having been laid in 1809; the clergyman officiating occasionally in other parts of the island. Bermuda is attached to the diocese of Newfoundland, whose Bishop resides there during the winter months, returning to that Island with the returning spring.

The natural curiosities of the Bermudas, are chiefly confined to the caves, which it is thought extend throughout the Islands; and it is the opinion of naval men, that a canoe might be paddled through these subterraneous passages, from one end of them to the other. The descent to some of these caves is not unattended with danger; and in all of them water is to be found, which may be ascertained by throwing stones into the depths below. It is necessary, before entering them to procure a guide, and a dress that will not be injured, with a plentiful supply of palmetto tops, which are lit up, to enable the exploring party to proceed and return in safety. The principal caves are at the ferry near St. George, at Ireland Island, in which we understand there is a natural reservoir of fresh water, called the devil's punch bowl; and another at Port Royal, where a large mass of rock has fallen from the roof, and is called the billiard table, upon which visitors climb, and with the smoke from their torches trace their names on the roof. Every where there are accumulations of detritus, and numerous stactatites and stalagmites, forming grotesque figures, one of which groups is called Faith, Hope and Charity, from its resemblance to that picture in books; and greatly relieving the monotony and gloominess of the scene.

Connected with these subterranean chambers, is the recollection of an occurrence, which was attended with a most extraordinary intervention of Providence, but yet with fatal results; and is the only instance we believe, in which human life has been lost in their recesses. As the parties connected with the sad event have long since "passed that bourne whence no traveller returns," we may allude to it, without hurting the feelings of any one into whose hands this paper may chance to fall. A young Englishman had formed an attachment for a Bermudian lady, by whom the passion was returned; they often met and interchanged assurances of the most devoted constancy and love. But as the course of that passion "seldom has run smooth," a rival from the West Indies paid his addresses, sanctioned by the parents; and the obedient daughter yielded her affections, a sacrifice on the altar of filial devotion, in accordance with their requirements. The disappointed lover immediately challenged the other to mortal combat, and they met in a state of excitement bordering on madness; insisting upon firing at each other at three paces. It was in vain the seconds remonstrated—the parties were determined; weapons were given them, and the word followed to fire. It happened most providentially that the morning was damp, and the powder being fine—such as is used with duelling parties, had become affected by the atmosphere; consequently they missed fire. Again they were cocked and presented, but with a similar result; when the seconds interfered, declaring that if they permitted the principals to proceed farther, and fatal consequences ensued, they would be justly chargeable with being accessory to the murder; and therefore insisted upon their quitting the ground. This was assented to reluctantly; both parties agreeing to withdraw their affections from a female, whom they considered had been true to neither. But the unfortunate affair did not end here;—one of them was immediately missed, and several days afterwards was found lifeless in one of the caves; but whether his death was voluntary or accidental will never be known in time. The other repaired to Demerara, where he engaged in business; but his mind had been unstrung, and he formed a connection with a genteel mulatto girl, the accomplished daughter of a wealthy planter, whom he married. Such a connection could not be tolerated in a society, constituted as is that of the West Indies, and where amalgamation is unpopular; the unhappy young fellow possessed a high spirit, and could not brook contumely or neglect; and he also found an untimely grave.

But as this is the last paper descriptive of the Bermudas, we cannot take leave of our readers upon the heels of so sad a recital. There was another occurrence which we are about to describe, that was attended with similar risk of life, but

far less melancholy results. A young Scotch schoolmaster was residing at St. George, who went from Brooklyn some years since; he was a thorough bred scholar, but like many others, had seen little of the world. Cast into the vortex of gay society, and being destitute of the necessary experience, he became excessively intemperate. Among the officers of the garrison was a gentleman, against whom he entertained a most determined hostility; and whenever he became excited by wine—which was invariably the case after dinner, vented torrents of abuse against the object of his dislike, whom he mentioned by name. One evening, when the bottle had circulated pretty briskly, our friend the schoolmaster as usual got into the heroics, when the officer alluded to happened to be present, and whose attention was ultimately called to his improper language. There was at table a number of choice spirits bent on fun, who were determined upon this capital to get up a mock duel; and one of them having brought out his duelling pistols, with an ample supply of ball cartridges, the party adjourned to the street about one o'clock on a Sunday morning to fight it out. The son of Mars however was no novice in such matters, and had a short time before wounded a Captain of his regiment in a duel.

It was agreed between the seconds, that they should bite off that end of each cartridge at which was placed the ball; and it being dark, the parties were placed near each other. They were all partially intoxicated; and as some discussion would take place after the pistols were loaded, thus allowing time for reflection, no little anxiety was created in the minds of the seconds, who were sufficiently sober to apprehend danger, lest they had bit off the wrong end! The continued popping of pistols, directly under the windows of the Mayor as it happened, induced his worship to put his head out, and declare that if the parties did not directly retire to their quarters, he would get up and commit the whole posse; which threat had the desired effect. The principals it has been stated, stood at a short distance from each other; but the schoolmaster was so far gone, that instead of firing at the object directly in front of him, he mistook the second of his opponent for the principal, and fired obliquely at him. The other however aimed at his man, "and no mistake;" sending the ignited wadding under the arm of the schoolmaster, by which a splendid new coat and waistcoat were spoiled. The affair as we have stated being determined for the night, all hands returned to enjoy,—

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

and the following morning set about concocting some farther sport at the mess, where the object of their fun was accordingly invited to dine. Here the mock combat was discussed with much apparent gravity; and early in the evening the poor butt for their ridicule, was sent away neither sorrowful nor sober; and delighted with the decision at which the members had arrived, that he was "a most consummate gentleman!"

Having performed, we hope satisfactorily, the task we voluntarily imposed upon ourselves; it only remains for us in conclusion, to advise all persons who are in a delicate state of health, and who have it in their power, to visit the Bermudas. The short sea voyage will do much towards recruiting them; and the fragrant and balmy atmosphere, the delightful scenery, and tropical characteristics of these Islands, where disease has not already done its work, will complete their cure. In the tranquil retirement of the Somers Islands, the mind of the hypochondriac will resume its proper tone; by its healthful breezes the physical system will be re-invigorated; the lover of poetry and of song will tread with delight, a spot hallowed by the effusions of a Shakspeare, a Waller, and a Moore; and should the genial climate of Bermuda fail in restoring the invalid to health, the hospitable attentions of a warm-hearted people will smooth the bed of sickness, and their soothing consolations will prepare the dying for death.

A few verses on leaving these fascinating Islands, addressed to a young American lady at that time on a visit thither, from this city, may not be unacceptable to our fair readers; and with these the writer takes his leave for the present; promising that they shall again hear from him during his wanderings among less favoured climes, but where an equally kind and hearty welcome awaits the wandering stranger.

A thoughtless promise sure I gave,
When bound in pleasure's airy spell,
That ere I tempt yon darksome wave,
To you I'd send this—last farewell.

Accept my fair, this humble verse,
Nor deem its author less sincere,
Though he should waft in fiction's dress,
His sentiments to female ear.

For though 'tis said the poet's tale,
Abounds in flattery and deceit;
That youthful bards will seldom fail,
In falsehood's guise each fair to greet;

Yet he who now devotes the strain,
He promis'd late in cheerful mood,
Ne'er courts the proud, nor soothes the vain,
Nor ever flattery understood.

Years have rolled on since ardent mind,
Urged him to quit his native land,
Since he each social tie resign'd,
To wander on a distant strand;

But now he, anxious, homeward hies,
To meet the friends of earlier years,
And now on fancy's wing he flies,
And, mid the happy group appears.

Yet he reluctant quits this Isle,
Of pleasing and romantic scene,
Which cheer'd by spring's perpetual smile,
Is clad in never failing green;

Yes, with reluctance homeward bends,
His course to Scotia's wintry shore,
Since in this genial isle from friends,
He parts, alas! to meet no more.

But still, my fair, on Memory's page,
Pleased he'll retrace each much lov'd name,
And many there will oft engage,
The hours that absent worth may claim.

E. W.

ALGERIA,—PAST AND PRESENT.

From the last Foreign Quarterly Review.

We propose, in the present article, to take a rapid view of the rise and fall of this piratical state, and enter into some brief considerations of the position and prospects of its French conquerors.

The northwestern coast of Africa has undergone, perhaps, more than the usual vicissitudes to which national as well as individual life is subjected. Mauritania Cæsariensis—for such was the name which that district which we now term Algeria received from the Romans, when the battle of Thapsus reduced Numidia under their sway, is a region whose most prominent feature is the two parallel chains of mountains which traverse the country from west to east. The southern and more lofty of the two is called the *Great*, and that which fringes the Mediterranean coast, the *Lesser Atlas*. Ancillary ridges, usually stretching north and south, unite at unequal intervals the two Atlases, and enclose within their arms valleys and table-lands of exquisite fertility; while the northern slopes of the lesser Atlas are covered with the rich and varied vegetation of the East, and yet preserve some of the peculiar advantages of more temperate climates.

This productive colony was lost to the Western Empire, under Valentinian. Bonifacius, the imperial governor in Africa, desirous to revolt, but diffident of his own resources, resolved upon an experiment, which is never tried but once, and invoked the aid of a foreign power. Genseric and Gonderic, the young and ambitious leaders of the Vandals, having already devastated Spain, cheerfully promised their assistance; and these princes established on the ruins of the kingdom they were summoned to preserve, a dynasty which (though at one time menaced by the famous Belisarius) continued to sway the north of Africa, until its conquest was achieved, at the close of the seventh century, by the enterprising khalifs of Arabia.

The reduction of the West had indeed been attempted by the Saracens somewhat earlier; for in the year 647 Abdallah, the foster-brother of Othman, led thither an army of 40,000 men; and though this expedition was not entirely successful, it paved the way for future attempts; and Hassan, the Governor of Egypt, established a nominal Arabian supremacy over an immense region, more than 2300 miles in length, comprising, under the general name of Barbary, the states of Morocco, Fez, Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis.

But though the Arabs overcame the resistance of the aborigines and of the Romans who still remained in the country; and though their half-disciplined and predatory tribes roamed at pleasure through these fertile districts, it was not in the power of such an unconnected and marauding people, whose principal strength lay in their fervent, but evanescent religious enthusiasm, to form any lasting projects for the subjugation of the provinces they over-ran. Many, indeed, settled in the country they had invaded, and in time became exposed, in their turn, to aggressions, such as those by which they had themselves profited. But the greater number preferred the wild charms of a desert life to the sober pleasures to which alone a citizen can aspire. Princes, however, of Arabian blood,—the Zeirides,—reigned over the northwestern coast till the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was under their patronage that Abdallah, the marabout,* implanted in the bosom of his countrymen that love of Islamism, which,—if it has imparted to the resistance of their hardy descendants the ferocity of a religious war,—has also stamped it with a generous self-devotedness which irresistibly challenges our admiration and sympathy.

But in addition to the aboriginal tribes, the remaining Roman colonists, the Vandals, and their Arabian conquerors—and we must add to our list the ubiquitous Jew—another people combined to swell the heterogeneous throng, which dwelt in these regions. The Spanish Moors, driven from their native fields in Granada and Andalusia, found here a temporary refuge where they might brood over vain hopes of future revenge.

This confused mass, in course of time, subsided into separate and independent kingdoms—of which Algiers, Morocco, and Tunis, were the most considerable. The history of the two last must from this period be abandoned in order to pursue the fortunes of Algiers itself.

Exposed to all the temptations, which situation, poverty, and the hereditary craving for wild and hazardous adventure conspired to afford, it is not strange that the coast of Barbary became the dread of every Mediterranean cruiser; but the maritime depredations of its occupants, however daring, did not attain any formidable degree of organization till the commencement of the sixteenth century; when the restless ambition of two brothers, in humble station, laid the foundation of that lawless power—"friends of the sea, but enemies of all that sailed thereon,"—as they exultingly proclaimed themselves, which for nearly three centuries rendered the name of Algiers at once an object of hatred and of terror.

A potter in the island of Lesbos enjoys the ambiguous celebrity of being the father of these youths. Horuc and Hayraddin have not been the only truants who have shrunk from a life of industry; but seldom has truancy been attended with such disastrous consequences to mankind. Both brothers joined the pirates of the Levant, and Horuc, the elder and more determined villain of the two, soon learned how high a premium, bravery, when united with a total want of humanity and principle, bore among those roving adventurers. With wickedness sufficient to overawe, and with daring to fascinate, their comrades, the young Lesbians gained rapidly in resources and influence;—but, in all probability, would never have aspired beyond the command of a few privateers, had not a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances opened to them a field for more permanent conquest.

Spain, even before she sank to the condition of a third-class state in Europe, was never remarkable either for the justice of her arms, or the liberty of her counsels. Not content with persecuting the unhappy Moors with restless fury, couched under a pretended zeal for the furtherance of Christianity, Ferdinand V., guided by his clever and ambitious minister the Cardinal Ximenes, pursued them to their African retreats. In the year 1505, he despatched to the coast of

* A marabout is the Levite of the Arabs. The distinction is hereditary and is confined to a particular tribe. He is considered a saint both before and after death, and enjoys many privileges, and a vast degree of influence. The word marabout is indifferently applied to the tomb or the saint after death.

Barbary a powerful force, under Peter, Count of Navarre; who subdued Oran—a town which has given its name to one of three Regencies into which Algeria is at present divided, placed there a Spanish garrison, and menaced the capital itself.

The Algerines in this extremity summoned to their assistance a prince of Arabian extraction, Selim Euteini; who enjoyed great influence among the tribes of the desert. This chieftain accepted the sovereignty they offered to him, and for a while enabled them to resist the efforts of the generals of Ferdinand. But, in a few years, it was again necessary to resort to foreign aid, and in an ill-advised moment Selim begged succour from Barbarossa (to whom we have already alluded under his more proper name of Horuc), who at this time had become one of the most notorious of the Mediterranean corsairs. The pirate came; and the infatuated Selim went with open arms to greet his future murderer. Barbarossa, on his arrival, took the command of the fleet and army, and spared no pains to ingratiate himself with the Algerines. A mixture of cruelty and liberality was peculiarly attractive to a people already predisposed to piracy; and when Barbarossa caused Selim to be stabbed in his bath, and himself to be proclaimed king, he found no more serious opposition than a few subsidiary murders, and the distribution of a few bags of sequins, were sufficient to extinguish.

History has not failed to embellish this crime, it itself sufficiently treacherous, with the incidents of romance. It is said that other passions, besides that of ambition, impelled Barbarossa to shed the blood of his suppliant and his host. The innocent incendiary was Zaphira, Selim's Arabian bride, who, on the murder of her husband, repelled with a noble indignation the amorous overtures of the usurper, and—a second, but a purer Cleopatra—preferred death itself to rewarding his crimes with her love.

But Barbarossa, though immediately successful in his projects, had not gained possession of a quiet throne. The Spaniards, masters of the province of Oran, attacked him with European skill and Eastern perseverance; and the self-elected sovereign of Algiers found his piratical bands, however superior on their native elements, totally unable to cope with soldiers regularly disciplined. It was in vain that the fierce usurper fought with a courage that should animate only the bosom of a patriot; in vain did he scatter his ill-gotten treasure on the banks of the Sinan, in the hope of arresting the steps of his merciless pursuers; Heaven could not suffer the prolonged existence of such a monster; and in dying the death of a soldier he experienced a fate far too lenient for his crimes.

Hayraddin, his successor, known (as well as his brother) by the *soubriquet* of Barbarossa, was less cruel in disposition, and was an equally enterprising commander. Finding himself unable to contend single-handed against Spain, he became a vassal of the Grand Seigneur in return for his protection; and so ingratiated himself with the Turkish court by his matchless skill in naval tactics that Solymán raised him to the dignity of a pasha, sent him against the celebrated Genoese admiral, Andrew Doria; and as he proved successful in his operations against this formidable commander, the grateful sultan assisted him to gain the neighbouring kingdom of Tunis by a manœuvre very similar to that which had wrested the sovereignty of Algiers from the family of Selim. The Bey of Tunis, however, Muley Haschen, had the good fortune to escape from the clutches of Hayraddin, and make his way to Spain, where he claimed the assistance of Charles V. His petition was successful; for the emperor, ambitious of the renown which in those days attached to every expedition against a Mohammedan state, fitted out an immense armament to effect his restoration.

On the 16th of July, 1535, Charles sailed from Sardinia with more than 30,000 troops on board his fleet. The Goletta at Tunis had long been considered one of the strongest forts on the Mediterranean, and Barbarossa had entrusted its defence to Seiran, a renegade Jew, of unquestionable courage and ability. But the numerical preponderance of the Christian army was too overwhelming to allow of any prolonged resistance. The Goletta was taken by *coup-de-main*; and the tardy loyalty of the inhabitants of Tunis began to declare itself against the usurper. In this extremity, Barbarossa risked all in a pitched battle. The impetuous onsets of the Moors and Arabs, though led on by the fierce janissaries of the sultan, failed to break the serried ranks of Charles's veterans, and the sudden apparition of a body of Christian slaves, who had taken advantage of the confusion to free themselves from their fetters, accelerated a victory that had hardly ever been doubtful; Barbarossa was compelled to abandon Tunis, and save himself, by a hasty flight, from the dungeons of Madrid.

This expedition, one of the most successful exploits of Charles's eventful reign, levelled for a time the power of Barbarossa to the dust. Ten thousand Christian slaves spread the fame of their deliverer through every state of Europe, and Spain for once enjoyed the sweetest triumph a nation can taste; that of having been the successful and disinterested champion of humanity and legitimate warfare. But other engagements soon diverted the attention of Charles from the humbled pirates; and with a pertinacity peculiarly their own, they were soon bolder and more prosperous than ever.

Barbarossa in person indeed no longer directed the affairs of his capital. His duties as the Turkish high admiral detained him at the court of Solymán, but his place at Algiers was ably filled by Hassan Aga, a Christian renegade; and it was when commanded by this general, that the pirates taught Charles a lesson which deeply mortified that haughty prince, and amply revenged them for their former disasters at Tunis.

The occasion of their fresh invasion by the emperor was the atrocities committed by the pirates on the coast of Spain; and the forces which he assembled were even more numerous than before. Everything apparently conspired to its success. The audacious Algerines had forgotten to spare the dominions of the Pope; and his Holiness promised absolution to all who took part in the expedition, and the crown of martyrdom to all who should fall. The chivalry of Spain, and many of the gallant knights of Malta, crowded on board the fleet as volunteers, and even ladies of birth and character did not disdain to share the hardships of the voyage. But as the army was disembarking, a violent storm produced that disorder which is fatal to an ill-arranged project; and the torrents of rain which poured for several days together, proved an important auxiliary to the spirited sallies of Hassan. Day by day the immense hosts became more demoralised and broken; the prestige of former success was dispelled; and at length, without receiving any fatal blow, it melted insensibly away as 'snow on the mountain,' and Charles, having lost all, not excepting his honour, was glad to re-embark the shattered remains of troops that had conquered at Pavia.

The exultation of the pirates at their success knew no bounds. With sarcastic profusion, an *onion* became the market-price of a captive Spaniard; and the situation of Charles was such during the remainder of his reign, that he could make no further attempt to redeem his lost laurels in Algeria.

But though unattempted by the government of Spain, such a fair field for chivalrous enterprise could not remain long unoccupied. John Gascon, a young Valentian noble, was the next who volunteered to break a lance for the security

of travellers. His plan, though rash, was not ill-imagined. Assembling a few adventurous friends, he sallied straight to Algiers, and, favoured by the night, approached unchallenged the famous Mole-gate. Had his machinery been equally prompt with his courage, he would have avoided his subsequent fate, and the questionable advantage of ranking among the martyrs of Spain. But gunnery and all the arts subsidiary to it were at that period in their infancy, and bad powder marred many a hopeful design, and sacrificed many a brave soldier. The fire ships destined to blow up the Algerine fleet would not explode, and the chivalrous Gascon, scorning to escape unperceived, struck his dagger into the Mole gate, and left it sticking there, in fatal derision of their careless sentinels. A race for life or death followed; but the long polearms of the pirates gained rapidly on the Spanish vessels, though urged with all the energy of despairing men; and a torturing death, to which it would be useless to do more than allude, ended the career of the gallant but rash Valentian.

The Quixotic attempt of John Gascon was not the only one directed against Algiers by the prowess of individuals. In the year 1635, four young Frenchmen resolved to win renown by reducing this nest of freebooters with a single privateer. Their expedition, though not so tragical in its termination as that we have just related, was not more successful. Its only effect was to leave in the minds of the Algerines a rankling enmity to the French flag, which in time surpassed their hereditary dislike to that of Spain. This feeling first openly displayed itself, when in the year 1652, a French fleet was forced by stress of weather into their harbour, and the admiral demanded the release of all his countrymen who happened to be confined in the town. A contemptuous refusal was the only answer vouchsafed by the pirates; and the Frenchman retaliated this insult by carrying off in duance the Turkish viceroy and his principal cadis.

Maddened by this abduction the Algerines swept the coast of France with fire and sword; and a buccaneering warfare commenced between the two coasts of the Mediterranean. Louis XIV. at length determined to chastise the insolence of the corsairs in the most signal manner, and he announced his intention of laying Algiers in ashes. The reply of the dey to this threat tells more for his humour than his patriotism. 'Let him,' quoth he, 'send me half the money it would cost him, and I will do it for him more effectually.' The pirate's coolness, however, did not avail him, for the celebrated Du Quesne, with the aid of bomb-vessels (which had then been recently invented by Bernard Renaud, a young French artisan), found little difficulty in fulfilling the threat of his sovereign; and the humbled and frightened inhabitants, after having endeavoured to atone for their resistance by murdering its promoter—a common expedient enough in despotic governments—obtained peace from France, and leisure to recruit their coffers by depredations elsewhere.

It was not, however, only by the secular arm that efforts were from time to time made to rescue unhappy Christians from paynim bondage. The court of Rome exerted its influence in their cause, and under her auspices, a society of monks—the Mathurin Trinitarian Fathers—established themselves at Fontainebleau, from whence from time to time they dispatched bands of missionary traders to traffic with the slave-merchants of Algiers. Their design was humane, and it would be unjust to sneer because the friars yearned after the acquisition of sequins, as well as of communicants. Philemon de la Motte is the Chaucer of these ambi-dextrous pilgrimages, and he evidently considers the chance of reward for himself and his associates in another world, as unaffected by the trivial circumstance of their having 'made it answer' in the present. And perhaps he is right.

The immediate effect, however, of this philanthropic bartering was unfortunate; for the Algerines found the traffic so much to their mind, that to replenish their stock more rapidly than they could do by casual captures on the sea, they commenced again harassing the coast of Spain with marauding incursions; and their spoliation became at length such a disgrace to the government of that country, that in 1775 Charles III. resolved to give the whole piratical states of Barbary such a decisive blow as would cripple their resources for the future. For this purpose a large fleet was fitted out, and the command entrusted to Count O'Reilly, an Irish adventurer of some reputation, in conjunction with Don Pedro Castejon. But Ferdinand Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers. He landed his troops in disorder, kept them for some days in a state of inaction, exposed to the harassing attacks of the Algerines, and then hastily re-embarked them, and returned home. The discomfited Spaniards tried to console each other, not only for dishonour, but for 'infinite loss,' by alternately cursing the climate of Africa, and the policy of employing a hot-headed and quick-footed soldier of fortune.

Hitherto the states of Europe alone had been insulted by the corsairs, but we have now to recount their relations with a trans-Atlantic power. On the first appearance in the seas of the white stars of the United States, the dey inwardly rejoiced, and promised himself and his associate thieves most thoroughly to despoil the infant republic then struggling into existence. An American vessel was soon captured, and with a coolness that recalls to mind the grim politeness a sometimes recorded of the more civilized 'minions of the moon,' his highness consoled his captives, while superintending the riveting of their manacles, with praises of the 'immortal Washington,' and conjured Congress, in answer to its demands for their liberation, to send him that general's portrait, 'that he might always have before his eyes the asserter of independence and liberty.'

America, although in no mood for jesting, was at that time unable to resent this impertinence of Omar, son of Mohammed. Her contest with England had, indeed, proved triumphant; but another such victory would have been her ruin, and she had emerged from the conflict crippled and resourceless. Though sorely against her will she was compelled to 'eat the leak' proffered to her by the insolent dey. Washington did not, indeed, send his picture, but he despatched deputies with plenary powers to purchase, at any reasonable price, the captured Americans. But the bill was heavy, and made out with commercial accuracy:

For 3 Captains	at 6000 dollars each,	18,000
2 Mates	at 4000 "	8,000
2 Passengers	at 4000 "	8,000
14 Seamen	at 1400 "	19,600
		53,600
For Custom 11 per Cent.,		4,896
Total		58,496

This was more than America could at that time afford, and several years elapsed before such of the prisoners as had survived their treatment, were liberated.

Hitherto we have seen the wicked 'flourishing like a green bay-tree;' but the climax is past; humanity re-asserts her rights; and we are about to record the Punishment.

During the struggle between Napoleon and the allied powers, Algiers was but little headed. In vain did expectant pirates

"Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of enterprise."

For under the policy of Buonaparte commerce languished almost to inanition—and at a crisis when the liberties of Europe hung suspended in the balance, few vessels cared to cross the seas unless guarded by the all-sufficient protection of an English frigate. But when the fall of Napoleon gave tranquillity once more to the world, and men began again to busy themselves with trade, and in the pursuit of riches, the piracies committed by the states of Barbary became once more the subject of remark and indignation.

Accordingly, in the year 1816, a discussion arose in parliament, on the motion of Mr. Brougham, as to the propriety of our compelling the piratical governments of Algiers, Tripoli and Tunis, to observe the conventionalities of the law of nations in their intercourse with other states. Up to this period our own relations with them had been, on the whole, amicable. In the time of Elizabeth, indeed, Sir E. Mansel had conducted thither an expedition, which he mismanaged so much as to weaken in some degree the influence of our flag; and Admiral Blake, still later, had stormed the Goletta, at Tunis, in revenge for some insults offered to vessels under our protection, and had presented himself before Algiers, and demanded satisfaction from that city also. The Algerines bid him do his worst; and Blake, after having 'curled his whiskers' (his constant custom, it is said, when irritated), captured two of their vessels, and compelled them to sue for peace. These misunderstandings, however, had been only temporary: and in the reign of Charles I. a treaty had been concluded with them, which was then still subsisting, and had been adhered to on their parts with tolerable fidelity.

In the summer of 1816, a fleet was placed under the command of Edward Pellew, Admiral Lord Viscount Exmouth; and that officer was directed to obtain from the several states of Algiers, Tripoli, and Tunis, if possible by negotiation, but failing that, by force of arms: first, the unequivocal abolition of Christian slavery; secondly, the recognition of the Ionian Islands as possessions of our crown; and lastly, an equitable peace for the kingdoms of Sardinia and Naples.

The appearance of the English squadron off the coast of Barbary apparently sufficed to obtain all these concessions. With regard, indeed, to the article respecting slavery, the Dey of Algiers demurred, and suddenly remembering his allegiance as a vassal of the Ottoman empire, which had long since become merely nominal in its character, suggested the necessity of obtaining the concurrence of the Sublime Porte.

Lord Exmouth, on the day's first answer, which was a point blank refusal, had vigorously prepared for hostilities; but this latter proposal threw him off his guard. His lordship's honest English heart was no match for the cunning of the Algerine, whose only object was to gain time for finishing the defences of his capital. Unsuspicious of this ulterior object, he even placed a frigate at his command, in order that the desired permission might be more speedily obtained—and, contenting himself with stipulating for a final answer to his demands at the end of three months, sailed back to England, where the fleet was paid off.

Hardly, however, had this been accomplished, when tidings arrived of an outrage so cruel and unprovoked, that we scarcely know whether most to admire the folly or the treachery of the dey under whose orders it was perpetrated.

The town of Algiers, in the province of Constantina, has, from a very early period been famous for the excellence and abundance of the coral found in the gulf of the same name on which it is situated. These fisheries had been formerly in the hands of the Catalans, then of the Genoese, and afterwards of the French, under whom the 'Compagnie d'Afrique' at one time rivalled in wealth and prosperity our own 'Hudson's Bay Company.' Oregon, however, is not the only debatable territory in the world, and those coral banks often changed masters. At length, in 1807, England was duly invested by the dey with the seigniorial possession of this fishing station; and at the time of Lord Exmouth's expedition it was occupied for the most part by Genoese, Neapolitan, or Sardinian traders, under the protection of our flag.

Upon this defenceless colony, as soon as the now hated sails of the English fleet had disappeared, the dey of Algiers, with all the wayward folly of a child, poured out his pent up indignation. His soldiers laid waste the town, massacred many of the inhabitants and enslaved the remainder; and, failing there, wreaked their vengeance upon the English flags, which they tore to ribands and dragged through the mire in insane triumph.

The commotion excited in England by this burst of foolish fury may easily be imagined. It had at least the effect of silencing those disposed to advocate conciliatory measures with the pirates, and Lord Exmouth set off again for the Mediterranean with the full determination not to be again deceived by his highness.

On arriving at Gibraltar, Lord Exmouth was joined by the Dutch admiral Van Cappellen, who had been ordered by his government to co-operate with the British commander, and the combined fleet set forward in company for the coast of Barbary. The dey now felt that he must throw away the scabbard; and on a frigate appearing in the port of Algiers to take off the English consul, Mr. Macdonald, he placed that gentleman in chains, and hearing to his vexation that his wife and daughter had effected their escape in the dresses of midshipmen, he ordered two boats belonging to the frigate which happened to be in the harbour to be detained with the crews. When these fresh misdemeanors were reported by the fair fugitives on their arrival on board the fleet, they of course added new fuel to the general indignation, and on the 17th of August, Lord Exmouth anchored his fleet, which consisted of twenty-five English, and five Dutch vessels, three or four leagues from Algiers, in no mood to digest any further coquetry on the part of the dey.

His lordship's interpreter, M. Saleme, was immediately despatched with a letter containing the ultimatum of the English admiral. His demands were brief and stern; though not more so than the conduct of his highness fully justified. In addition to our previous requisitions, they comprised stipulations for the immediate delivery of all Christian slaves without ransom; for the settlement of the grievances of the Sardinian, Sicilian, and Dutch governments; and for ample satisfaction for the insults offered to our own. Three hours were all that was to be allowed the dey for deliberation, and M. Saleme was directed to return at the expiration of that time if no answer was previously given. Even this short interval was considered too long by the gallant spirits on board our fleet. 'Saleme,' playfully exclaimed an officer of the Queen Charlotte, as the interpreter stepped over the side into his boat, 'if you return with an answer from the dey, that he accepts our conditions without fighting, we will kill you instead!' And that the same ardour animated the whole fleet their subsequent conduct abundantly testified.

At the expiration of the appointed time Saleme returned without any reply

from his highness, and at the same instant a light breeze springing up, Lord Exmouth gave the signal for advance. Turning the head of his own ship towards the shore, he ran across the range of all the batteries without firing a shot, and lashed her to the mainmast of an Algerine brig which lay about eighty yards from the mole that enclosed the inner harbour. The other vessels followed in the wake of the Queen Charlotte, and took up their allotted stations with admirable precision.

A dead silence prevailed during these evolutions; the Algerines were taken by surprise, and their guns were not shotted, so that a brief interval elapsed during which the scene must have been one of the most thrilling interest.

This frightful repose was soon broken. The Algerines took the initiative, and a gun fired athwart the poop of the admiral's vessel began the battle. A furious cannonade on both sides continued for several hours without intermission. The bomb-boats belonging to our fleet pressed forward close under the batteries, and caused immense havoc among the troops which crowded the mole; and, when at last the enemy's fire became more slack, an explosion-ship which had been kept in reserve, was brought forward close under the walls, and the devastating effects it produced completed their confusion.

The total cessation of the enemy's fire towards the close of the evening convinced Lord Exmouth that his victory was complete, and he therefore drew off his vessels out of gun-shot, and early the next day despatched Saleme with a second note to the dey, reiterating the demands which had been treated so disdainfully the preceding morning. At the same time preparations were made for renewing the bombardment, but they were unnecessary. The haughty Algerine was effectually humbled. The greatest part of his capital was reduced to ashes, and his very palace at the mercy of our troops; his ships were burnt or taken, and his numerical loss was very great. Under these circumstances no alternative remained to him. A gun was fired in token of his acceptance of the terms offered, and an officer was sent on shore to superintend the embarkation of the liberated slaves, and the restoration of the immense sums the dey had from time to time exacted from the Sardinian and Neapolitan governments as ransom for their captured subjects. The demeanor of his highness on this trying occasion was very entertaining. The most bitter pill appears to have been the apology which we required on behalf of our consul. Seated cross-legged on his divan, the dey sulkily gave the requisite orders for the freedom of the slaves, and even the delivery of the treasure; but when Saleme hinted that now was the proper time to ask pardon of Mr. Macdonald for the insults to which he had been exposed, his highness shook his head, and puffed his chibouque in all the bitterness of wounded pride. But the English officer was inexorable, and Omar at length muttered, that M. Saleme might say for him what he pleased. 'This is not sufficient,' was the answer, 'you must dictate to the interpreter what you intend to express.' And the dey at last complied. More than a thousand slaves on this occasion were restored to liberty, and as they embarked on board the vessels occasion to convey them to Europe, they exclaimed in grateful choros: 'Viva il Re d'Inghilterra, il padre eterno! e il ammiraglio luglese che ci ha liberato di questa secondo Inferno!' Among them were inhabitants from almost every state of Europe, but singularly enough not a single Englishman.

Remainder next week.

SEVEN YEARS' CAMPAIGNING IN THE PENIN-

SULA, &c.—By SIR R. HENRIAN.

When our gallant tars had to do duty on land, they contributed, by their eccentric notions, on endless source of amusement to the mess-table. At Flushing some sailors made an example of a French rifleman for what they regarded as unfair fighting:—

"Upon one occasion a sortie was made by the garrison, and shortly afterwards two of our sailors brought in a French rifleman dangling between them on a pike. An artillery officer demanded the cause of this inhuman spectacle.

"Please your honour," said Jack, "the fellow didn't fight fair."

"Not fight fair!" repeated the officer; "what do you mean?"

"Why, I mean, your honour, that he didn't fight fair; he popped at us from behind the hills, and then hid himself; and then popped at us again, and that wasn't fair play—so we killed him, and spitted him up as an example to others."

At the memorable siege of San Sebastian a party of sailors did good service in working one of the batteries. They commenced operations with a carouse and an illumination:—

"It was early on the morning succeeding our fun that I volunteered to show them a short cut to their battery, and headed by the fiddler, who scraped away to the tune of 'Jack's alive,' we came in sight of the French soldiers upon the ramparts; and much they must have been amused at the sight of the blue jackets cutting capers, and playing every kind of antic that joyous hearts could devise; whilst, when a shot boomed over the head of one of the party, the lucky fellow who escaped was made to bend, while his comrades played leap-frog over him, and then the never-tired fiddle burst forth with 'Jack's alive,' or 'Hearts of Oak.'

"The sailors' battery was altogether so gallantly worked, that the artillery and engineer officers used to drop in by turns, either to say a word of approbation to the men, or to be amused by the original and quaint ways of these amphibious soldiers. Nothing daunted them; nothing put them out, and even if a murderous shell fell, with its levelling vengeance, in the little battery, 'Jack's alive' was instantaneously struck up by the enthusiastic fiddle, to stanch any pang that the loss of one of these gallant fellows might have inflicted on the rest."

The conclusion of their proceedings was melancholy. A monster shell, thrown from an immense mortar of the French works, fell in the midst of the gallant force, and killed or wounded seventeen of the brave fellows. Well does the author say, "*Contre la force il n'y a pas de resistance*. High spirits cannot resist the destruction of shells and cannon shot.

It was at this celebrated siege, described by the author with great spirit, that a French officer gave proof of heroism which has never been excelled. As the British troops rushed to the attack, they fell by hundreds, just within the breach. Still our artillery played; and, as the shot and shells fell, they destroyed the unhappy beings who lay groaning just within the defences of the fortress. Their fate was pitied by a French officer. He sprang into the breach, freely exposed his person to the deadly fire, and made known to the assailants the agonies their fire inflicted on their own men. A truce of one hour was accordingly agreed on to relieve them. Wellington, who could appreciate a noble action as well as any man, released this officer unconditionally when the fortress was at last conquered.

The battle of Vittoria was marked by some ludicrous scenes at its termination. At the news of the British success, the French families in the city became anxious to escape, and an odd scene of confusion occurred:—

"As evening approached, the anxiety rose to such a pitch of alarm, that all who sought escape—including the wives and families of the general officers—took refuge in their carriages. These, with a large number of baggage-carts, had been drawn up on an extensive space of ground on the right of the road leading to Bayonne, and where the French had established a park of artillery. A dry but wide ditch alone separated it from the main road, with which it had but one communication. At this moment of feverish suspense, a body of French soldiers burst into the town, closely followed by the British troops, who effectually chase them through the gate on the opposite side, turning them out of the road to Bayonne into the unwelcome one of Pampeluna. The signal for escape was now indeed given, but too late to be available; fruitless were all the efforts to reach the communication with the road. Confusion and terror reigned around, and carriages, baggage-carts, artillery, pursuers and pursued, all stood jammed together in one inextricable mass. Escape was impossible, and, as our troops now rushed like a torrent down the road, sweeping everything before them, the whole of the baggage, carriages, jewels, plate, and public treasure became the spoil of their victorious arms.

"Almost miraculously Joseph Buonaparte effected his escape amidst the general confusion: throwing himself from his carriage, he mounted on horseback, escorted by a few of his body guards, the colonel of whom was less fortunate, and remained a prisoner in our hands. Scarcely had the usurper monarch left his carriage when the panels of it were perforated through and through by a nine-pound shot.

"Surrounded on all sides by our troops, the ladies endeavoured to regain on foot the houses they had occupied in the town, while others sought the protection of such British officers as good fortune threw in their way. The scene was one of the most extraordinary that can be imagined; here and there groups of soldiers were to be seen busily engaged in knocking open packing-cases and trunks with the butt end of their muskets, and pulling out, amid shouts of laughter from their comrades, sundry articles of female apparel, such as dresses, caps, bonnets, &c., with which they decorated their own persons. Petticoats were slipped over their heads, regardless of the obstructions such appendages offered to the use of their firearms, and many of these fellows, as some fugitive Frenchman came in sight, vainly struggled to disentangle himself from a covering that not only pinioned his arms, but rendered his cartouch-box equally useless. No Carnival de Venise ever displayed more grotesque figures than did this short episode in the annals of Vittoria. Lace caps covered the rough chakos of some, cachemere shawls hung in no graceful folds over the red coats of others, while bonnets of true Parisian manufacture crowned the tops of many of the muskets that had done good service that day on the battle-field."

The author made a great mistake in heedlessly parting with some carriages before searching them:—

"Colonel Burton, of the Welsh Fusiliers, had been appointed commandant of Vittoria, and by the help of the working parties, with which he supplied me, I completed the task of parking the guns and ammunition captured from the French. When this was done I received orders to transfer them over to the Spanish Governor of Vittoria, and to join the artillery battering train at Passages, where preparations were making for the siege of San Sebastian. During the period of collecting together the war material at Vittoria, upwards of 160 private carriages were brought into the park. Some of them were fitted up in the most costly manner, with velvet and silk linings, and as they were only incumbrances in the park, and totally useless to the army, I made them over to Colonel Burton, suggesting that they might perhaps be advantageously distributed among those inhabitants of Vittoria who had suffered from the depredations of the French. He gladly acceded to the proposal, and it was not until after the fall of San Sebastian that I heard of the large treasures in money and jewels that had been found within the linings, and other parts of the carriages I had so unwittingly disposed of."

The author relates an episode at Vittoria so perfectly characteristic in itself, and told with so much animation, that we must take it entire:—

"It was late before the duties I had to execute permitted me to enter the billet assigned to me by my quartermaster. Some trifling circumstance, that I now forget, had been the means of informing me that a French family, one of those who had regained their quarters after the general capture, were inmates of the same casa. A deathlike stillness reigned around as I ascended the staircase leading to my apartments, and, perhaps, it might have been the recollection of all that had been suffered that day by women and children that made my step the lighter as I passed the corridor where slumber seemed to dwell.

"The fatigues of the day required no assistance from narcotics to produce a strong disposition to sleep, which gaining ground irresistibly, I laid myself down, without undressing, to indulge in. Between asleep and awake, the din of the battle, the groans of the wounded, the lamentations of the dying, all returned to my confused ideas, passing, perhaps, fitting shadows of the magic lantern, but so faithful in detail that the past was blended with the present. A groan, indicative of deep suffering, seemed to fall upon my ear; I started, and for a moment the energies of waking life seemed struggling for the mastery; in that brief space, another and another followed, and the heavy tread of steps in a distant part of the house told me that something was going on connected, perhaps, with the painful feelings I had experienced. Hastily quitting my room, I approached the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, and was soon in possession of the cause.

"The corridor appropriated to the French family I have mentioned was long and vaulted; a dull lantern hung at the farthest end of it, and on each side doors opened into the sleeping apartments, according to the fashion of the old houses in Spain.

"On reaching the entrance of this gloomy passage, I saw scattered, here and there, some blood-stained straw, as if it had fallen from the litter of some wounded person in his conveyance thither. As I moved onwards in the direction that I felt led to human suffering, the door of an apartment suddenly opened, and a beautiful little boy, on whose anxious countenance the lantern threw its dull light, bounded up to me with the question, 'Etes-vous le chirurgien?' I drew back, grieved at the disappointment my answer must give to the little fellow, and as my tongue faltered out 'Non,' my eye fell upon some straw, saturated with gore, at my feet.

"Oh, monsieur," said the child, in a voice so piteous that it went to my heart, 'c'est le sang de papa.'

"What a subject for reflection did that short sentence impart; for what can offer a finer field to the theorist than the question whether man, in his state of civilization, enjoying and participating in the blessings of social ordinances, such as they are instituted by his fellow-man, is thereby relieved from the individual responsibility of his actions? To ensure to himself the advantages of the former state, he is obliged to doff all consideration of the latter, and like a mere peg in the machinery of a wheel within a wheel, places his duty to God, and his duty

to his neighbour, at the unlimited disposal of a crafty Government or a despotic king.

"Such is, individually, the position of every man who makes war on his fellow man, without the excuse of that holy cause which alone can sanctify the arm of violence—the defence of our own country against invasion.

"Perhaps these feelings were even then in embryo, for, as the little fellow gently tried to pull me towards the chamber where his wounded father lay, I had time to consider how obnoxious might be the sight of an English uniform to one so situated, and gladly would I have retreated, but it was too late. The door was opened by my little guide, in another moment it closed behind me, and I stood by the side of the wounded Frenchman.

"In a distant part of the room there reclined, on a chaise longue, a pretty little woman of that class of beauty that the French call *chiffonner*, a term that no other language can define so well, in a *deshabille* of the most costly description. This delicate little lady was evidently labouring under that malady so well understood and appreciated by her countrymen—une *attaque de nerfs*.

"A French abigail, whose name, Louise, was too often apostrophized to admit of ignorance on the subject, hung over her mistress with all the assiduity that a long apprenticeship had taught her the efficacy of displaying; and *eau de lue* and *vinagre de quatre voleurs* perfumed the room where the real sufferer lay.

"Long before I had accomplished my survey of the room, in which I had been so unceremoniously ushered, my hand had received a responsive grasp of kindness from the wounded man, who was attired in the brilliant uniform of a colonel of chasseurs, to which was attached that symbol of French gallantry, la *croix d'honneur*.

"By the side of his litter, the same on which he had been borne from the field by our men, stood a beautiful specimen of Spanish beauty, in the form of a young girl, whose anxious watchfulness and noiseless attentions contrasted most agreeably with the 'Mons Dieus' and noisy selfishness of madame. As she leant over him, binding round his forehead the damp cloths that brought coolness to his fevered brow, or gently helping him to find some position to relieve the anguish of his mutilated leg, she looked like an angel of light, shedding the balm of pity on the sufferings of mortality, but even in this moment of agony, shown by the heavy drops of sweat that chased each other down his face, the French colonel maintained his national character of gaiety and insouciance:— 'C'est la fortune de la guerre, mon ami,' said he, addressing himself to me, 'qu'importe une jambe de plus ou de moins. Vive la gloire.' These sentences were repeated at intervals, though in a voice less firm than the speaker might himself have believed possible, and to each succeeding bravado an equally characteristic response fell from the lips of the little *mignonne* lady on the sofa, 'Mais, mon ami, y songez-tu! Une jambe! Mais c'est beaucoup qu'une jambe; et tu étais si bien fait!' Here the tears and 'mon Dieus' recommenced on the part of the lady, while the poor fellow, who thought the loss of a leg a mere bagatelle when placed in the scale with glory, lay fainting and exhausted before me.

"At the same moment a step was heard in the passage, and the door of an adjoining room opening immediately afterwards, I heard a little anxious voice repeat the question that had greeted me, 'Etes-vous le chirurgien?'

"It appeared that, immediately on the arrival of the wounded colonel at the house, the fair Spanish girl, who was the daughter of our padrone, had sent for a surgeon; and, at the moment when exhaustion from loss of blood had reduced him to unconsciousness, this welcome visitor entered with the little boy.

"It required but a glance of the surgeon's experienced eye to determine the necessity of immediate amputation of the crushed limb, and I was desired to find some pretext for removing madame and the child from the apartment. As I led her towards the door, holding by the hand her sweet boy, I felt by the violent trembling of her arm that genuine feeling had, at that moment, superseded the disgusting minauderies of a Parisian woman; her bosom heaved convulsively as she cast a last look on the couch where her husband lay, and I was in the act of philosophizing on the possibility of deep feeling assuming many external garbs, and yet still remaining the same unmixt essence of the soul, when the fair mourner turned upon me her streaming eyes, exclaiming with broken sobs, as the door closed upon us, 'Helas, la belle jambe.'

"Having deposited my charges in as distant a room as possible from that in which the operation was to be performed, I returned when I thought my services would be required, and found the preparations in progress that precede the fearful process of amputation. Faithful to her office of comforter and nurse, the beautiful Spanish girl bent over the poor being whose genuine *gaite de cœur* had sunk beneath the pressure of exhausted nature, and was thus mercifully spared the anticipation of an evil which is sometimes more difficult to bear, even by the bravest, than the reality itself. The dread tourniquet was now applied; involuntarily I turned away my head, but one glance at the fair girl before me conveyed a just reproof for indulging in a morbid sensibility that incapacitated me for usefulness. Inspired by the divine principle of assuaging the misery of another, divested of every thought of beginning or ending in self, this heroic young creature shrank not from the task that duty had imposed, but hovered like the form of charity over the wreck which the tumultuous ocean of man's strife had wrought.

"With the returning consciousness of the sufferer came also the acute susceptibility of pain. And though he bore it like a man, and a brave one too, I doubt much that at that moment he considered la *gloire* an equivalent to the pain he was enduring.

"The noble Spanish girl slackened not her attentions during the whole time. At one moment bathing his temples with aromatics, at another fanning his brow with the ever-ready little fan that constitutes so essential a part of Spanish female attire. A few minutes more, and the manly limb was severed that so recently had trod, in the pride of strength, the very floor on which it now lay a mangled castaway."

It is in the relation of incidents of this kind, giving what we may call the private history of warfare, that our author peculiarly excels. His volumes are extremely attractive, and will be relished by all who can feel interest in the adventures of an honourable and intelligent soldier, during the most momentous period of the last war, related in an animated and forcible style.

STYLES AND METHODS OF PAINTING SUITED TO THE DECORATION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

BY C. L. EASTLAKE.

External Conditions of Works of Art.

The materials and dimensions of works of Art, and the situations and lights for which they may be intended, are termed *external conditions*; as distinguished from the character of subjects, the aims of individual artists, the tendencies of general taste, and similar influences. The former class only, as affording defi-

nite grounds for investigation and as suggesting practical inferences, can here be considered.

Whatever be the external conditions, it is essential that the visible impression of the work should, under the circumstances, be as complete as possible. To insure this, not only the executive means, but the qualities to be represented still require to be adapted or selected accordingly as conditions vary. Such methods and resources constitute, in each case, a specific and appropriate style; the criterion of which is, that the amount of excellence resulting from it is unattainable in the same degree by any other means.

The question respecting the relation of painting to external conditions is not unimportant in considering the tendencies and claims of different schools. In general, the great masters seem to have inquired what the outward resources at their command could best effect. Such a habit, instead of confining, was rather calculated to enlarge their invention and to vary its forms. The result of their labours is the sufficient ground of the world's admiration; but their docility cannot be duly appreciated without a reference to the local circumstances under which they worked.

An inquiry into the principles which may regulate such varieties of style appears to be especially requisite when painting is employed in the permanent decoration of public buildings, and may now be resumed with a more direct object, as particular localities in the new Houses of Parliament approach their completion. In such further investigation it may sometimes be necessary to advert to the statements and illustrations that have been before submitted.

The conditions now proposed to be considered are—

Dimensions, Situation, Light, and the Means of Representation.

Large dimensions, (in respect to the size of the entire painting,) requiring a corresponding point of view; the height at which the work may be placed, requiring a distant point of view independently of dimensions; imperfect light; and a method of painting possessing limited technical resources, are all to be considered as causes of indistinctness, requiring to be counteracted by such means as the method of art adopted can command; by such means as may appear preferable on general grounds, and which, supposing its practicable difficulties overcome, may render that method the fittest.

The relation between the longest dimension of a picture, and the distance from which the work requires to be viewed, may here require to be again remembered. Once and a half the extent of the longest dimension (whether in width or height is immaterial) is the minimum of distance to which the spectator can retire in order to see the entire surface. A circle cannot be embraced by the eye till the spectator retire to a distance equal to once and a half its diameter.

The law relating to the next condition is a necessary consequence of this. In some cases, the situation of a picture, independently of its dimensions, may require that the work should be viewed at a considerable distance. A painting placed opposite the eye, and measuring 14 feet high, (such being assumed to be its longest dimension,) would require, according to the foregoing law, to be seen at a distance of 21 feet. But if the lower edge of that painting be 26 feet from the ground, the spectator must retire to the distance of at least 60 feet before the eye can embrace it; for a painting equal to the whole height (40 feet) would require that distance.

Dimensions.

The instances are not frequent in which the size of the objects represented on a large surface is too small for the distance which the size of the entire painting requires. Raphael's first work in the Vatican, called the "Dispute of the Sacrament," would be such an instance if the room in which it is painted were large enough for the spectator to retire to the requisite distance. This is not possible; the whole of the painting cannot be embraced by the eye at once. The experiment can, however, easily be made with the engraving; the small size of the figures, as compared with that of the entire work, is then apparent. This imperfection, as is well known, was rectified by the artist in his subsequent works in the Vatican.

Situation.

The next condition—situation, without reference to dimensions, presents greater difficulty. Michael Angelo, after having painted the second compartment in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel,—about 60 feet high,—appears to have found (as is, in fact, the case) that the size of the figures was inadequate to the distance at which they were to be seen. Condivi relates that the artist was on the point of abandoning the work because of some supposed defect in the line; but the real cause of his temporary dissatisfaction is apparent in the subsequent change in his style; the figures in the compartments last executed being more than twice the size of those in the first paintings. Thus, whatever may be the dimensions of the picture, (and in ceilings the compartments are commonly smaller than the distance would require,) the size of the figures must always have reference to the place of the spectator.

In this instance, therefore, although the space was scanned by an experienced eye, the means employed to counteract the effect of the existing conditions were miscalculated. The example shows the necessity of simplicity, magnitude, and distinctness for works requiring to be seen at a distance, and is also valuable as affording encouragement to our artists, should they think that their first efforts are in any respects not altogether adapted to the place for which they were intended.

Light.

It will appear from the practice of another great painter, that imperfect light required, in like manner, magnitude and simplicity of parts; while, at the same time, large masses of deep shade were avoided. The frescoes of Correggio, in the tribune of the church of S. Giovanni in Parma, were remarkable for these qualities. An idea may be formed of their general style by the portion which remains, (now in the Library at Parma, representing the "Coronation of the Virgin.") Pungileoni remarks, that the figures generally were considerably larger than life, not so much in this instance on account of their distance from the spectator as because they were seen by a subdued, reflected light. The result was probably satisfactory; for objects require to be magnified, even when seen near, to counteract the indistinctness arising from want of light.

Means of Representation.

A fourth case is that in which the indistinctness to be guarded against arises from the means of representation. Fresco, with its limited scale of colour, cannot produce such varied effects as oil-painting; but a much stronger instance of defective means and of the excellencies which the necessity of counteracting them may induce, is to be found in the Cartoons of Raphael. The ultimate works for which the Cartoons served were copies worked in tapestry—a mode of representation which, in the early part of the sixteenth century, was far from exhibiting even the comparative force of colour, and light and shade which it afterwards attained. With a view to such faint transcripts, however, the great artist worked; he knew that his drawings would be transferred to them, and

that in the tapestries alone, possibly, his designs might live. Distinctness was nevertheless attained, without any sacrifice of such of the proper attributes of painting as were compatible with the means employed; and without any violation of probability. When we consider the greater qualities which were combined with these requisites,—when we find that such apparently unpromising conditions had the effect of raising even Raphael above himself, we can hardly refuse to admit that a due employment of limited means of representation may, at least, invite attention to the most important attributes of art.

In cases like those that have been adduced it is probable that the qualities which might fit the works for the circumstances of place, light, or materials for which they had been calculated, would be looked upon as defects on near inspection. The critics on art who have had the best right to exercise an unrestricted judgment, have ever dwelt on the necessity of inquiring what qualities are to be chiefly looked for in the subjects of our observation. It may be sometimes requisite even for persons of cultivated judgment to bear in mind that the excellencies on which the highest reputation of great artists is founded are to be sought, not so much in the beauty of parts as in the grand or tasteful arrangement of the combined work, in the harmonious relation of entire masses, and the grace of entire forms. These qualities, which suppose the labour of the mind because they have reference to a whole, have ever constituted the worthiest criterions of merit, in the practice of the arts.

The influence of conditions, similar to those in question, on every department of painting, may be traced in the works of great artists; for, from whatever cause the sense of vision is imperfectly addressed, the selection both of qualities in nature and of the technical means fitted to represent them, will be influenced accordingly. But, before pursuing the inquiry, it may be desirable to state the elementary facts connected with visible distinctness, since these, though familiar in reference to nature, are more complex in relation to works of art when seen under particular circumstances.

Causes of Distinctness in Nature.

They have been defined as follows: an object in Nature can only be apparent, by differing in its visible attributes from what surrounds it. The chief causes of this distinctness are—difference of Position,—of mere Magnitude,—of Light-and-Shade,—of Form,—and of Colour.

Accordingly these attributes constitute the general resources of the artist; but it will be for him to inquire which of those means are more especially calculated, under any extraordinary conditions, to produce a result which shall satisfy the eye. The nature of the resources themselves will require to be first considered.

Position.

The differences of Position exist either superficially or in depth. In basso-relievo, for instance, they are (either in the horizontal or perpendicular sense) superficial. In painting, on the other hand, although they are superficial as regards the actual plane, they are chiefly sought and expressed in (apparent) depth; one of the great aims of this art being to conceal the flat surface and to represent space. Various practical and other considerations, presently to be noticed, tend, however, to limit this attribute in works executed under the conditions before supposed.

Magnitude.

The differences of Magnitude are either real, as at one and the same distance; or may be only apparent, as the result of perspective. The subdivisions of the remaining causes of distinctness above enumerated will be referred to hereafter.

It must be evident that gradations in magnitude will be more full and varied when they comprehend, if only in a limited degree, the perspective diminution of forms. The great Italian artists seem to have considered this essential to distinguish painting, however severe in style, from basso-relievo, in which the varieties of magnitude are real. But in the works before referred to by Michael Angelo and Raphael this perspective diminution of figures is confined to narrow limits; partly because the technical means may have been wanting to mark the relative distances of objects when the work was seen under the conditions required; but chiefly because figures much reduced in size cannot be consistently rendered expressive as actors or spectators. In the second compartment of the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel before mentioned, the effects of the perspective are expressed without restraint; but the indistinctness which was the consequence was probably among the causes that induced Michael Angelo to reduce the space in depth in the other compartments (as regards the figures) almost to the conditions of sculpture. In Raphael's Transfiguration the figures on the Mount are supposed to be distant with reference to those below; but, had they been so represented, they would have been devoid of meaning and importance; they are, therefore, by a judicious liberty, brought within that range of vision where expression, action, and form are cognizable.

One great exception is, however, not to be overlooked. Correggio, who was devoted to picturesque gradation under all circumstances, and sometimes at any sacrifice, adopted a different course. The perspective diminution in the cupolas at Parma (to say nothing of the objects being represented as if above the eye) is extreme; so that even the principal figures are altogether subservient to the expression of space. This was the chief object; but the grandeur of form and character which the nearer figures exhibit has been justly considered to place the works far above subsequent efforts of the kind, which, in the hands of the "machinists," soon degenerated to mere decoration.

If the criticisms which the frescoes in the Duomo at Parma called forth on their completion had any foundation, it may be inferred that the great distance at which the figures were seen rendered it impossible, in some cases, to discern the nicer gradations of light and shade which are essential to make perspective appearances intelligible. Such considerations must, at all events, operate to restrict foreshortening under similar circumstances. But here, again, it is to be remembered that painting is still distinguished from basso-relievo. Examples of foreshortening are accordingly to be met with in works intended to be seen at a considerable distance, and in which the technical resources were very limited; for instance, in the Cartoons of Raphael. The amount of foreshortening which is introduced in them may be considered to be the just medium. Its effect in rounding and connecting the groups, and in giving a due impression of depth, is in accordance with the truth of those works in other respects, and (even in the tapestries, while in their unfaded state,) may have been quite compatible with distinctness.

The transition from this picturesque treatment, and still more from the unlimited depth of Correggio's compositions, to the flatness of a style resembling that of the early mosaics, is violent indeed.* In cases where a gold ground is

* The general predilection for all the modes of decoration which belong to the "Renaissance" may be an excuse for here briefly reconsidering the claims of the gilt ground in itself, and with reference to peculiar conditions in representation.

introduced behind the figures, painting really approximates to basso-relievo, and to the conditions of the Greek monochroms, without even the advantage of the figures and the ground being of the same quality. Under such circumstances, neither perspective nor foreshortening can be introduced to any extent. The varieties of "Position" are almost confined to one and the same plane, and consequently the relations of Magnitude are real. The splendour of the gilt trail, though subdued by being roughened (for this is absolutely necessary), betrays the comparative dullness of the painted surface, and the final outlines on the ground (even making allowance for the gradation of real light on a large resplendent surface) are in danger of being too uniformly distinct, unless a darkening colour be partially added to the gold.

The union of absolute reality with imitation is rarely, if ever, satisfactory, as it is essential that the most important qualities should exhibit the nearest approach to nature. As an accompaniment to painting, there is, therefore, no defence for the gilt ground, when it appears as such. For the rest, it cannot be admitted, on the one hand, that art need be reduced to mediæval penury in order to agree with this hard condition, if adopted; nor, on the other, that even the extreme restrictions in representation which it actually involves, considered in themselves, necessarily suppose incompleteness. An analogous style springs from those restrictions which, in adhering to its own resources, may still have its characteristic perfection. Wherever there is gradation, wherever a greater quality becomes conspicuous by comparison with the lesser (even if abstract lines alone be the means of representation), we recognise an important principle of art.

Light-and-Shade.

The influence of the general conditions before mentioned may next be considered with reference to Light-and-Shade. The varieties of this source of distinctness, though infinite, are, like those of Magnitude, merely differences of degree. The circumstances best calculated to display it will be again considered in examining its relation to colour.

The example of Correggio, which was adduced with reference to perspective and foreshortening, may also appear to recommend the employment of chiar-oscuro without restriction, under any circumstances; but this, his favourite attribute, was confined, in the instances of the cupolas at Parma as compared with his oil pictures, to a light scale, especially in the upper portions of those cupolas. It is evident that a dark effect would have ill suited both the places and the subjects.

The instances are rare, and not always successful, in which extensive surfaces whether on canvas or on walls, have been covered with masses of low half light and deep shade. Such masses, as is well known, are especially ill adapted for fresco, on account of its tendency to reflect light only from its surface. Among larger works of the kind, one of the best specimens is perhaps Raphael's fresco of the Deliverance of Peter from Prison. But, although successful in this instance (as far as the material permitted), the great artist did not resort to the same style on other occasions; on the contrary, in a subsequent work, the Incendio del Borgo, in which the subject might have justified a free use of chiar-oscuro, he did not employ it to any great extent. The reasons for employing it in the first instance appear to have been accidental.

Other examples, with all their excellence, and even with the advantages of the richer method of oil painting, are more or less unsatisfactory, from causes independent of the materials. The night-scene of the Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo by Titian is heavy in its effect. Of Tintoret's darker works it would be unfair to speak, as the shadows have too often become black, either by time or by some mischievous technical process. The celebrated Night-watch, as it is called, by Rembrandt, is generally acknowledged to be overloaded with shade; and the Santa Petronilla of Guercino is a monument of great but, in that instance, misdirected powers. These are the most remarkable examples of dark pictures on a colossal scale. The Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, now obscured by time and the smoke of candles, must always have had a solemn effect from the depth of the flesh colour (a treatment which may be traced to the influence of Sebastian del Piombo), but there are no masses of deep shade. As the work is in fresco, mere blackness would have been the result had such been introduced.

The unfitness of masses of extreme shade in paintings of considerable dimensions (without reference to the material) is explained by the fact that the distance at which the work requires to be viewed tends to obliterate the fainter lights and reflections in such masses, thus changing depth to flat obscurity. In subjects which require gloom, it is still essential that the indistinctness should be felt to be intentional, and not to be the result of such distance. The size of the work should admit of the spectator being so placed as to see all that the artist intended to be seen. The 'Notte' of Correggio can be thus perfectly seen at the distance which its size requires; but, in looking at the 'Night-watch' of Rembrandt, under like conditions, the spectator is presently compelled to draw nearer. The conclusion is, that the amount of darkness in the latter is too great for its size, and, on the other hand, that moderate dimensions may render such a treatment, if suitable on other accounts, not only unobjectionable, but desirable. The finer gradations of low tones can be appreciated only on near inspection. Subjects, the intended place of a work, or other circumstances, independently of dimensions, may interfere with this consideration, but it is not the less true that the scarcity of light which would be inappropriate in a colossal picture is quite compatible with the physical conditions here referred to, in regard to works of smaller size.

The Venetian painters, as compared with those of the schools of Lombardy and the Netherlands, appear, with few exceptions, to have systematically avoided a preponderance of deep shade. This must be understood as meaning no more than that their treatment of light and shade was calculated for works of large dimensions. From the first, the great Venetian colourists were accustomed to execute frescoes in the open air, and sometimes in situations where the distance at which the paintings could be viewed was far greater than their size required. The elements of distinctness and breadth were thus familiar to them, and, it must be confessed, were sometimes transferred to works which, admitting of near inspection, might have suggested a treatment.

* It has been before observed that, although an object may be increased in magnitude to any extent in proportion to its distance, and in order to accommodate the spectator, yet its force of light and shade cannot be increased beyond a certain point, and that point is supposed to be already attained in pictures requiring to be seen near. Not only is force not to be increased in proportion as distance increases, it is unavoidably diminished by it, in consequence of interposed air.

† In modern exhibitions, where no space is lost, and where, consequently, the eye is influenced by the effect of the mass, an entire wall approaches the conditions of a large picture. Hence the amount of light in the component parts of this decoration is required to be great. A subdued window-light may also have its influence.

"Venetian shade," which, notwithstanding the occasional darings of Tintoret in more capricious directions, is characteristic of the school, and which the praise of Agostino Carracci has rendered proverbial is the worthy auxiliary of composition on an extensive scale, and is fitted, by combining distinctness with breadth, to correct the uncertainty which arises from distance or want of light: it is calculated to give place and meaning to form, to display the remembered attributes of colour, and, while it renders force of local hues indispensable, to combine solidity with clearness. The view which the Venetian artists took of nature was consistent with the ordinary destination of their works.

They appear, in most cases, to have assumed that the objects to be represented were seen by the diffused light of the atmosphere, as opposed to the case where the light is derived from a particular source. The practical result of this is that intense shadow is smaller in quantity, and that the picture is chiefly composed of gradations of half and reflected light; brightness thus marking projection and obscurity depth. It has often been said that in Venetian pictures (more constantly than in those of other schools) the foreground objects are, relatively to their hues, the lightest; the retiring ones being lower in tone. The diminution of the force of shade in remoter masses, the introduction of accidental cast-shadows, of dark hues near, and bright objects, buildings, or sky in the background and distance, may conceal without altering the artifice. This system of effect in Venetian pictures corresponds with that of general nature, and, like that, is too familiar to be remarked; but its apparent simplicity conceals a scale of gradation the fulness of which may be more difficult to compass than the pronounced effects of confined light. Hence the unaffected character of "Venetian shade;" and hence, at the same time, its power in marking the essentials of form, while it leaves the general idea of colour unimpaired.

If the artists of the northern schools may be accused of sometimes employing the effects of a confined light for scenes supposed to take place under the broad atmosphere, the Italian painters (for the practice was not confined to the Venetians) must be acknowledged to have as often adopted the opposite course; viz., that of representing scenes in interiors as if under a diffused light. They appear to have thought that objects so illumined are more intelligible in pictures requiring to be seen at a distance (as was the case with altar-pieces), and that such effects are in themselves more large and beautiful.

The effects themselves, though derived from the observation of nature in the open air, were produced by various artifices in Italian painting-rooms. The most common (still in use) was that of employing oiled paper instead of, or before, the glass of the window. A Madonna of Raphael's takes its name (dell' Impannata) from the oiled paper window, probably that of the painter's studio, in the background. Leonardo da Vinci, who is careful to distinguish between *ombra*, "the diminution of light," and *teambre*, "the privation of light," frequently recommends attention to the effects above described, and speaks of the modes (probably then common) of producing them. He remarks that objects seen in a diffused light are more beautiful than when lighted from a confined source, and that when represented in pictures they are more intelligible at a distance. He recommends the mitigated light of evening, or of cloudy weather, in preference to the direct light of the sun, in order that shadows may have due gradation. He observes, that not only the equal force but the hardness of the boundaries of such shadows, if imitated in pictures, tends to render objects confused when seen at a distance. The latter appearances (hard-edged shadows,) he adds, "are especially condemned by painters." His contrivance for securing the larger effects which he recommends, is to stretch a linen awning across an open court. In one instance he suggests that the walls should be blackened; in another, that they should be painted flesh colour, and be altogether open to the sky. Elsewhere he mentions the "Impannata" (for ordinary lights); and again proposes an expedient, similar in its results, for softening the edges and varying the strength of shadows by lamp-light.

Neither Leonardo nor the Venetians were ever deficient in force; but the latter in making the fullest use of the principle thus dwelt on by the Florentine, compensated for their comparatively small amount of "teambre," as nature compensates for it, viz., by intense local colours. This resource never led them to neglect the study of chiar-oscuro on their own large, and, it may be added, difficult principles, but only served to conceal its artifice. So intent were they on securing relief, as well as breadth of general effect by means of light and shade, that they frequently defined the perspective depth of their compositions and the place of each figure by means of chiar-oscuro alone. Tintoret was in the habit of placing large paintings thus studied, but before any colour was added, in the situation which they were ultimately to occupy, in order to judge of their effect and keeping. The habits of the Venetian and other colourists in thus occasionally preparing their pictures may be adverted to hereafter in an inquiry into the early methods of oil painting.

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT AN OLD HOUSE.

Not many seasons ago I was enjoying the summer-tide in the pleasant county of Kent; and as autumn ripened around me, I almost forgot that its maturity would usher in that wintry period which always recalls me to my metropolitan misadventures. I do not mean to give the real names of the seaside town in which I had pitched my tent—of the old house near it, of which my anecdote treats—nor of the family to which that house belonged. There are tragedies consummating yearly in pleasant places at this very moment; but it is for the future to exhibit them to the public scrutiny; and there are few actors in such scenes who court the notoriety of a legitimate name. And in truth it was a pleasant place where that old mansion, half castle, half manor-house, had its site. Standing, or rather, when I saw it, falling into gradual decay, amidst rich corn-fields, on a gentle acclivity that looked upon the wide sea, it had subsided into a rambling, ruinous farm-house, with high gables, and a couple of projecting parapets, which told their tale of better days in the olden time. But it is not of the olden time our tale tells, or we might have spared ourselves the delicacy of veiling the true name of the place.

It was during one of my first rambles through a part of the country to which I was a stranger, that I was struck by the anomalous appearance of the "Old House;" but there was no person in sight of whom I could make inquiries regarding it; so I strolled on and on, until at length I reached a bottom or narrow dell, entirely shut in by the small trees and large shrubs which surrounded it, forming a dense thicket. A limited space at the very lowest part of this bottom remained clear from the redundant wilderness of sloe-bushes, wild roses, and brambles, that formed a safe shelter for the hedgehogs, in which this part of the country abounds. As I reached this clear space I became aware that I was not alone; amongst the long grass in the very middle of the dingle sat a grim-looking old gipsy-woman, busily shelling a quantity of peas—no doubt her personal booty, reft from some neighbouring field.

She no sooner saw me than beginning the usual whine of solicitation, she offered to read my fortune; and willing to have a little chat with her I crossed

her hand with the "sesame silver;" but soon tired of her twaddle, I asked her the name of the old farm-house which I had just passed, and to whom it belonged.

"Rosebourne, my gentleman, has belonged to many," said she; "but the old folk are not there. It was a black deed that brought an ill name on the house, and evil things will walk about it as long as one stone stands upon another."

This reply led to further questioning; and a few additional sixpences elicited the facts I am here to relate.

Almost a hundred years ago the house of Rosebourne was the residence of the Chesterton family, then reduced in numbers and in wealth from what it had been in former times. Gilbert Chesterton, the master of Rosebourne, was a fine, handsome young fellow, whose personal advantages were unfortunately accompanied, as is too frequently the case, by a weak head and a feeble intellect. He was, however, free from vicious propensities; and, luckily, his mother, a lady of great prudence and judgment, resided with him, continuing in truth to exercise the judicious control of a parent over a silly child, to his great advantage as well as to the satisfaction of all belonging to them. She was his able and willing counsellor in every emergency; preserving him from the imposition of crafty and mercenary advisers, as well as from the influence of pernicious example, and the evils into which his natural credulity and good nature might have led him. He was her only living child, but the three orphan daughters of a brother of her late husband shared the hospitalities of Rosebourne, and to one of these amiable girls it was her chief desire to unite her son; but, in the affairs of matrimony, there are strange discrepancies,—events forestalling all our determinations, and thwarting the most Machiavelian manoeuvres. It so happened that when Gilbert had reached his thirtieth year, and just as his mother had counted on the speedy termination of her hopes by a union between the cousins, that, to her horror and affliction, she discovered what, indeed, she had never suspected, an intrigue between her son and her confidential servant. This girl, Hannah Filmer, was of low parentage, but great natural shrewdness and a resolute and ambitious disposition had stood her in the stead of education, so that she was generally looked up to as a person very superior to her class. Artful, time-serving, and, withal, very beautiful, she had long crept not only into all the secrets of her kind mistress, but into the accessible heart of her mistress's son, when, unexpectedly, all was revealed.

Hannah was discharged instantly; but the fierce and almost insane anger of Gilbert on the occasion, so utterly unlike his customary childlike docility, coupled with the shock her feelings had sustained at the discovery of so much perjury in one in whom she had confided, threw the old lady into a fever from which she never recovered; nor had her corpse lain three months in consecrated dust ere Hannah was reinstated at Rosebourne as the lawful wedded wife of its proprietor. His orphan cousin, expelled with contumely, removed to a small cottage near —, and it soon became obvious that the new mistress of Rosebourne was averse to all who had been befriended by her predecessor; while before a year had passed, her husband's happiness seemed to have no better source than idleness, wassail, and all that want of self-care which preserves respectability.

The hospitality and charity which used to make the Chesterton family so popular, ceased to be practised; and the most churlish niggardliness and meanness marked the living and conduct of the new mistress, whose low bred and unprincipled kindred were now all in all at Rosebourne. Amongst these was one suspicious character, long looked upon with little less than detestation by all who knew him. Benjamin Bailey, or, as he was called, Black Ben, had by turns been sailor, pirate, smuggler; he was a huge, powerful fellow, swarthy as a mulatto, and was as coarse in manner as in appearance; while, to the disgust of the few respectable people who continued to associate with the Chestertons, he seemed to rule with undisputed authority over all Rosebourne, the domineering lady not even excepted. Ere long, however, reports coupled his name with hers in a manner that subjected both to the contempt and scrutiny of the world. It was bruited about that on one occasion Gilbert himself had discovered an intimacy between the cousins which aroused him from his wonted inattention to one of those violent bursts of fury to which the feeble in intellect are prone. Ben Bailey, ferocious as he was, nevertheless was driven with opprobrium from the house; and angry menaces were heard to pass between them. A month, however, had barely passed before a reconciliation was brought about by Mrs. Chesterton; and soon after, at a public dinner at —, Gilbert was heard to say that he was going in a few days to Calais on business of importance, which might detain him for a week.

Not many days thereafter a gentleman who called at Rosebourne was informed that Mr. Chesterton had crossed the Channel, but was expected daily. Weeks, however, passed, unmarked by his return, and at length his wife instituted inquiries, as she declared she had not heard from him since his departure. She felt, or feigned, the most acute anxiety. Bailey was despatched to Dover, and thence passed over to Calais, returning from both places without having found any traces of the missing squire. At last, when more than a month had elapsed, the family lawyers called a meeting; search was made for a will, and one was discovered of so recent a date as a week before his disappearance. All was left to his wife; not even his nearest connexions or most faithful servants were remembered. Time passed; Gilbert was firmly believed to have perished in France, or to have been accidentally drowned on his passage to it. And in those days such things might have happened more easily than now; the spirit of investigation was not so busy—it lay dormant beneath the wings of slumbering justice. At length, when all but the members of his own family seemed to have forgotten him, Gilbert Chesterton's widow grew in opulence and increased in unpopularity, no one appearing to benefit by her accumulating wealth but her kinsman, Ben Bailey, who led a life of reckless dissipation, until, in a midnight fray at — he caused the instant death of a comrade by a sudden blow, but had the good luck to escape to the French coast, nor was he again heard of for many years.

At length, when age had bent the form, blighted the beauty, and blanched the black locks, of the lady of Rosebourne, it was reported to her that a travelling tinker craved audience of her. Her refusal to see him was answered by a request that she would look at a ring which he sent her. Mrs. Chesterton evinced considerable agitation at the sight of it, and the stranger was summoned. He was a stout old man, his face seamed with scars, his hair grizzled, and with a fierce red eye, which had no companion. After a long visit, he left the presence of the lady, who issued orders for the immediate instalment of the stranger in a snug little cabin upon her property, recently become vacant by the death of a tenant. And here, under the name of Beale, he continued to ply the trade of a tinker.

Years passed, during which strange stories went about of the singular influence of Tinker Beale over the mistress of Rosebourne, until one night, stumbling over a chalk-pit he had the misfortune to break his leg, and when discovered in the morning by a chance passenger he was raving under fever.

At the same time, on the same night, another deathbed scene was not far distant. In an oak-panelled chamber at Rosebourne, on a stately bed lies the mistress of the house in the last struggle. Though upwards of seventy, her eyes are still keen and hawklike; and as they wander, or rather rush, restlessly over the group of mercenaries who attend her, a something witchlike and unholy seems to fill her whole being. Her favourite kinsfolk are present, but to their earnest questions as to what her last desires are, she replies not, save by brief denials of the proffered aid of priest or physician. Their still more earnest appeals to her benevolence,—their solicitations that she should reveal the secret deposits of her hoarded wealth, are all in vain. No reply, save a muttered word that sounded more like an imprecation than a prayer, was vouchsafed them. The night was stormy, and the cold intense; a wood fire blazed merrily on the hearth, while death was busy in the chamber where the impatient and worthless relatives of the dying woman would fain have wrested from her the secrets that might enrich them.

"Look, how she keeps gazing at the panel to the right!" whispered one of the women.

"It is quite awful!" said another. "Did not Gilbert's picture use to hang there?"

"What is that you say of Gilbert?" cried the dying woman, in a hollow tone.

"Who dares say that he is here? The dead do not walk!—'tis a lie! What for do ye whisper! Water! water!—I am choking!"

They wetted her lips, and were again about to seat themselves, when, crackling on the hearth, a huge faggot burst with a loud report, one of the cinders starting from the fire and striking against the very panel of which they had been a minute before talking. The women, startled at first, arose to remove the still burning cinder.

"No, no!—dare not to touch it!" screamed the expiring woman. "Not there—not there! Touch not that, or curses—curses—"

And sitting up in the bed, her arm extended at full length, her long, skeleton finger pointing to the panel, her eyes glaring wildly, the mistress of Rosebourne stiffened into a clayey corpse. When the horrified attendants drew near the couch, they found her stone-dead in that strange and unnatural position.

After they had stretched her down, and in vain tried to close the ghastly eyes, their first thoughts were of themselves.

"Depend upon it," said one, "her money lies hid behind that panel, or why forbid us to touch it?"

"It was the spark from the faggot," said another.

"Not a bit; it must have been the panel. Let us break it open before any body is aware that she is dead!"

A carving-knife was in the room, and with that and the poker the covetous gold-seekers soon forced the panel out: nor were their hopes of discovering something defeated. But it was not money they found; it was the mouldering bones of a human corpse!

The tinker lay in the agonies of death next morning, when the medical man who had attended him entered the cabin.

A gipsy woman, who had served as nurse to the sick man, and who, indeed was the chance passenger who found him after his fall, sat near the pallet, and heard the doctor ask him how he felt.

"Is Hannah Filmer—is Mrs. Chesterton still alive?" was the reply.

The medical man related her death, and the strange discovery of the body behind the panel.

"It is the body of Gilbert—of her husband!" said the tinker. "We murdered him, and hid him there!"

And so it was.

For many years after that fearful act the room had been shut up, the lady declaring she could not sleep in the apartment where her dear husband had slept so long beside her; but a few weeks before she was seized with her last illness, she insisted on its being prepared for her. As for her paramour, kinsman, and confederate, Benjamin Bailey, otherwise Black Ben the Tinker, he expired in a few moments after the dreadful confession had passed his lips.

MY OWN RECOLLECTIONS OF THE RIVER PLATE.

BY JONATHAN OLDJUNK, ESQ., R.N.

I know not how it is, but the fact is most certain, that everything is changed since I first entered the Service, and there seems to exist an increased desire for alteration with but little consideration how far it will lead to improvement. Now there is something in a sailor's complaining, for the best seamen generally "grumble and get on;" but for your know-nothings to be continually finding fault with their betters, in greater experience and superior knowledge, cannot do otherwise than "rile" a seaman's nature. At this present moment, I can with truth declare, that England never possessed finer fleets since the day that King Alfred beat the Danes off Dover, and that is going far enough back any how. Beautiful ships they are, and as near perfection as it is possible to construct them; the crew can play at leap-frog on each deck, and have capital elbow-room for manning the gun-tackle falls, yet there's a set of lubbers, who never hauled out a weather-earring in a squall, or passed a shank-painter round a well-fished anchor, that throw themselves prominently forward and swear that the British Navy is going headlong to the devil, whilst others strive to deteriorate the character of the seamen, though the latter have just shown that they can, with the spirit of old, rig and fit out a line-of-battle ship all ready for sea in fifty-six hours. Such things were not uncommon in the time of war, and there are many yet living, who can remember the case of an 84 hauling out of the Mole at Gibraltar, on the 12th July, 1801, having in about four days, shifted her mainmast, fished and secured her foremast (shot through in many places), knotted and spliced the rigging that was cut to pieces, bent entire new rails, plugged the shot-holes between wind and water, completed with stores of all kinds, anchors and cables, powder and shot, and provisions for four months. This, under all the circumstances, was the smartest thing during the war with the French, and the rigging and outfitting of the *Bellerophon* and *Calcutta*, are on a par with it. But let the lubbers croak—our ships and our seamen are still hearts of oak.

But to return to the poor old Agamemnon, whom my last paper left with her anchor through her bottom in Maldonado Bay; and there she laid lonely and deserted, not a creature on board but the rats, and they left her during the night, for they were seen swimming towards the island of Goreta, and I had the honour of making acquaintance with them some time afterwards, as shall be told presently.

Before I proceed any farther, however, it will perhaps be as well to go back to the period a short interval before the ship was abandoned. It was a squally, sniffling, sneezing afternoon, as if the breeze had caught a severe cold, which threatened by its wheezing to break out before long into a downright cough. The sea did not roll heavy into the bay, but the tide rippled strongly, and the water dashed and broke against every impediment that obstructed its course,

The useless island of Goretta showed dismantled batteries, and the ruins of a few battered buildings, whose ribs and trucks alone had escaped destruction from our cannon, and they looked like the gigantic skeletons of warriors whose battles were at an end. Not a soul was to be seen, the island having no other tenants than a cow, two calves, and a venerable horse. Between the island and the main at the bottom of the bay, was a narrow passage, and on the low point of the main was a small habitation, four or five, or perhaps six miles away from the nearest residence. From this house the panorama circled in lofty sand ridges, without a single vestige of vegetation, till the eye rested on the tower of Maldonado, which marked the position of the town, and here the foliage was thick and green, sweetly refreshing to the sight, but screening the houses from view, as in a straight line they were at the least three miles from the shore and about six miles from the ships. From thence the amphitheatre swept round and lost itself in the dark blue mountains in the distance. No human being was seen upon the shore, no white sail that marked the skill of man was floating upon the ruffled surface of the river, not a single boat appeared upon the shores—no, not even a canoe, and the only signs of humanity between the island and a circular curve of more than forty miles, was the tower at the town, bearing an enormous Spanish flag at its turret, and the humble dwelling at the point. There was something extremely dreary in the surrounding scenery, whilst above the black clouds rolled their heavy burthens over our heads, and the blackening mists were descending, gradually shrouding the whole in deepening gloom. No communication had been held with the shore, no dealers hurried alongside with commodities, we met with no greeting of any kind, nor did there seem to be a living soul who cared one straw about us or the sad catastrophe of the 64, which hundreds must have witnessed, and wondered at its imports.

The Agamemnon was heeling over so much, that the sills of her starboard main-deck ports were level with the water; the men had all brought their bags on the quarter-deck, and the boats were clustered alongside to convey them away. On the starboard poop-ladder stood Captain Rose, sufficiently elevated to be in full view, and he certainly looked superlatively miserable. The First Lieutenant reported "every thing up from below," and received orders "send every soul aft." The boatswain's mate announced it to the crew, and then the poor fellows, with mournful countenances, came thronging on the quarter-deck to wait the Captain's bidding.

The whole presented a melancholy spectacle, and the wild associations with the locality, as well as the occasional howlings of the breeze, and the moaning of the pent-up waters in the ship's hold, contributed to heighten the mournful interest. Now, notwithstanding the peculiarities of Captain Rose, he was much esteemed by his people, and though there is great recklessness in the nature of an English tar, yet on especial occasions his warm sensibility is quickly aroused, and what could possibly be more calculated to arouse it, than the circumstances of the existing moment, with their once gallant ship beneath their feet, a perfect wreck, and a long, if not a last farewell to be pronounced between shipmates of many years, who had fought for England and for victory! Not one of them knew to which ship they would be drafted, so that amongst old friends, doubt and uncertainty prevailed as to their future destination. Let it not be supposed that there was any appearance of unmanly despondency in that gallant band; it is true, they had lost their comfortable home—it is true, that a separation was about to take place between sturdy hearts that placed a value upon each other, and though in many these things caused a mournful aspect, yet there was a firmness and determination in their manner that still evidenced Britannia's sons.

Captain Rose briefly addressed them in terms of praise for past conduct, and recommending them to behave at all times in such a manner as never to do discredit to the character of the Agamemnon. Amongst the younger seamen there was a feeble effort to cheer at the close, but the veterans (and there were many on board of her) shook their uncovered heads and remained silent. The Captain waved his hand, the boatswain and his mates piped "down," and the people moved stealthily away. This was only for a few minutes, the officers were speedily on the alert with watch-bills and division-lists, and the names were called over by the mates, each man secured his bag, which was handed over into the line-of-battle ships' boats and stowed away. The calling over the names produced considerable excitement, as it apprised the eager listeners of their destination, and who was to accompany them; and whilst some were ear-liest in their expressions of pleasure at the prospect of continued fellowship with old messmates, others could not refrain from manifesting deep regret at certain separation from those who shared the allowance of grog, and with whom they had been shipmates and watchmates for years.

The officers, too seemed to feel their own situation most keenly. The Agamemnon had been a happy, easy-going craft—the ward room a focus for enjoyment—the cockpit the centre of mirth and fun; even the warrants were fine old fellows, inferior to none that were eligible to bind up with Lord Melville's naval nosogays. Had there been any previous intimation that the several bonds were so soon to be severed, it could not have failed to have caused considerable pain, but there would have also been preparations to soothe the mind. Now, however, the thing had been so unexpected, so sudden, and so truly distressing, that it gave additional weight to sorrow; they were about to become intruders on board other ships, and apprehensions very naturally arose, that not only would their welcome be brief, but their comforts considerably abridged; besides, the ship they loved would never more receive them.

In a few short minutes, both officers and men formed groupes along the inclined plane of the gangway, and amidst overstrained attempts at joking, they talked of the future. The boatswain's pipe sounded shrilly in the blast, and all else was silent. "Stand by hammocks," shouted the official, and in less than a minute the whole of the people ranged themselves fore and aft on each side the ship; the cloths were removed from the nettings—each one seized his bedding—a chirping pipe followed—the hammocks were passed over into the boats, every man following his own in order to the boat where his bag had been stowed; the officer took up his station in the stern sheets, and the flotilla shoved off, but when at a short distance tossed up their oars.

Captain Rose still retained his position on the poop-ladder, when the First Lieutenant reported that the ship was clear of all but themselves and his own gig was waiting to receive him. The shades of twilight were falling deeper and deeper, and the veteran was scarcely distinguishable in the gloom—not a voice was heard upon the waters—the winds had free range—the ripple murmured alongside. Suddenly the sound of the chief boatswain's mate's call sent forth a long note, all that could stand erect with their hats off; another pipe, and there arose those hearty "hurrahs," which none but British sailors can give with sincere good-will—a single cheer was returned. "God bless you, my lads, God bless you," came from the lips of Captain Rose, for he well knew that the salute was meant for him. A single responsive cheer proceeded from the people, the oars dropped into the rollocks with a simultaneous splash, and the boats moved away to their respective ships.

The sloop to which I belonged received a Midshipman (nephew of the Rev. Atholl Wood) and forty men, amongst whom were several smart seamen, two negroes (one of whom a tall stout good tempered black named Jackson), and a diminutive Highlander, who was lame in the hip, and rejoiced in the appellation of Hameish Mogan, though he was entered on the ship's books as James Hogarth, a tailor by trade, a soldier by reputation, and a sailor through necessity, and of these I shall speak hereafter.

In the forenoon of the following day our Captain had an audience of the Admiral; the signal was made to weigh; the fleet purchased their anchors; the ships crowded on canvas, and stood out of the bay; we merely shifted our berth to one more convenient, and again brought up; the others gradually lessened in the distance, till their white silver sails were diminished to a gull's wing, and one by one they disappeared, so that we were left alone with the shattered wreck, for the purpose of securing her guns, stores, &c., which we were to land on the island of Goretta, till transports came round to fetch them away. The first communication we had with the shore was through an officer of the Spanish navy, who came down the river, in a large decked barge, from the Governor of Monte Video, to ascertain the extent of mischief and to tender offers of assistance. He did not remain long, but after a mutual display of good feeling and a visit to the wreck (during which he frequently eulogized Lord Nelson), he took his departure for his ship up the river, where two Spanish frigates and a brig-of-war or two were then lying.

Capt. Fabian (the Commander of the sloop) was a fine-looking gentlemanly man and a thorough seaman, full of Christian piety, and possessing great firmness of character; no oath was ever heard to issue from his lips; the cat never made a trip to day-light except in some flagrant case, and then he punished one that he might not have to inflict the torture upon a dozen; and yet a better conducted ship's company could not have well been found. Strict discipline was preserved, and the duty carried on with becoming spirit and propriety. Every Sunday, if the weather permitted it, he read prayers and a sermon in a most impressive manner; and his own example had a powerful influence on the minds of his people. And yet he was no stern ascetic; he enjoyed the quiet mirth of the table, and loved to see the crew cheerful and happy; and the men revered him in return, as they testified by ready obedience. And yet many of these very individuals had been stubborn mutineers—some at the mutiny at Spithead, others at the Nore, and two or three from the old Temeraire at Bantry Bay. On their first joining the sloop they evinced moroseness and unwillingness to do their duty, except in their own way. At that time they were commanded by Capt. H. S—t, a thorough tyrant and a brutally-minded man; one poor fellow jumped overboard and drowned himself through the flogging he had received; another he compelled to perpetrate a beastly action. The crew apprised the authorities of it, by means of a round robin; some police officers visited the Commander, at the Fountain, Portsmouth, one morning, when he was shaving himself, he was taken into custody, and we saw no more of him. Fabian succeeded him; and in a couple of years the men were docile and well-behaved, and I have always looked upon this fact as undeniable evidence that discipline may be preserved without that excess of severity, which I have ever found does more harm than good. Nelson was a strict officer, and in some of his irritable moments exceeded the bounds of pure humanity; but no one was more intimately acquainted with a seaman's peculiarities, nor knew better how to use them—he would have the duty done, but he wrestled for his people's rights, and the world has seen how much they loved him. Fabian is now no more; he died a Post-Captain and, if I mistake not, in command of the Diadem.

We had two Lieutenants, both acting; the first was David McCreery, who had been Acting Master of the sloop, but his thorough knowledge of seamanship and navigation, together with certain amiable qualities, induced the Captain to give him an acting order as Lieutenant directly we quitted England, and our Senior Lieutenant quitting us at Rio Janeiro, Mac became first, and a more worthy, quiet, and kind-hearted fellow never trod a ship's deck. His commission was afterwards confirmed. He fought the Boxer after the death of Capt. Bligh, and died Lieutenant of the Dreadnought, Hospital Ship, at Greenwich. The other white lappel was a most eccentric being, appointed by the Admiral, Sir Sidney Smith, at Rio; his name was John P— D— but his *soubriquet* in the fleet was similar to that which old Bentley, the hardwareman of Leaden-street, enjoyed, many years ago; he was very uncouth in his appearance, downright ugly in countenance, and not a single vestige in his manners to mark the officer. Yet John was a good-natured soul, and would do a generous action for any one; but of rigging a spar or working a correct day's work he was perfectly innocent. How then, it may be asked, did he get made a Lieutenant? The answer is plain enough; John was well connected at the Admiralty. What became of him after we parted I cannot say, except that he was confirmed, though his name does not now stand upon the list—most probably in his grave.

The Master, old Tom Humphries, (also acting), was a complete rough knot, and had been Master of a north-country collier, in which employ he had been brought up, but not educated—a capital practical seaman, but he had no more fancy for a quadrant or sextant than a pig for a yoke. The first day he joined the sloop, the Captain invited him to dinner, and when at table, very courteously bowed to his guest: "Mr. Humphries, shall be happy to take wine with you."

Old Tom fidgetted about in his chair, looked first at one and then at another, without accepting the challenge or making any response. The Surgeon, who sat next to him, nudged his elbow, and said "Master, the Captain has asked you to take wine with him!"

"Has he?" returned the old boy; "then I shan't for I always drinks grog!" The burst of laughter caused by this announcement may readily be conceived, and I need hardly say that it continued a standing joke for a long time afterwards, to the great annoyance of the Master, and more than one of two Midshipmen got a cuff for incautiously repeating it in his presence. Tom extravagantly loved a glass of grog, and he was sometimes so far gone as to pour out a good modicum of rum, and then fill up the vacuum in his glass with hollands, so as to make the draught tolerably potent, but he did not detect it. Many a time have I seen him sitting alone in the gun-room, swaying back in his chair, with his feet upon the table, swallowing four or five such mixtures, and singing over and over again, "A mon's a mon for aw' that," till getting perfectly cranky aloft, a sudden effervescence would capsize him on the deck. But Tom still sang "A mon's a mon for aw' that," till he was carried away by the servants to his cabin. Poor fellow, the unhappy propensity for drink did for him at last; he was tried by court-martial for misconduct in a prize, and the last time I heard of him he was Boatswain's Mate in the Crescent frigate.

I was Master's-Mate, and there were four or five Midshipmen. Wright, or, as we styled him, Jemmy the Barber, from the lines—

"Here lives Jemmy Wright,
The best shaver in all England—almost—not quite."

was extremely scampish, although a young man of good family, and Darby Allen, a well-educated lad, the natural child of a Jew money-dealer in the metropolis, but of so wild and wayward a disposition as to destroy the really excellent prospects that were placed before him.

Such were the parties who were left at a dreary time of the year to their own resources; there was no habitation nearer than six or seven miles, and though now and then we caught sight of a sail running up the river, it was only at the interval of months that we could pick up the slightest intelligence from home.

The day but one subsequent to the departure of the fleet, arrangements were made for clearing the wreck. Fabian sent for me into his cabin, and gave me a written order to take command of the island of Gorretta with fifty men, and receive charge of the stores, &c., of the Agamemnon. I was the Governor at once, and, as a matter of course, went on shore to reconnoitre the place and select my palace.

I hardly need say that a youth of nineteen was not a little proud at having so much confidence bestowed upon him, although the cause was a melancholy one. There was also that precious unction to a Midshipman's heart—power, with small control; fifty men at my disposal; strong batteries; extensive barracks; officers' dwellings; two miles and a half of territorial dominion in length with (at the broadest) half a mile wide; beautiful green grass; two goats and some cattle. I was elated with my good fortune, and McCreery volunteered his services to accompany me over the domain.

"You'll live like a fighting cock here, Oldjunk," said he; "and taking weather and all circumstances under consideration, it will be at least a six months' station for you, and may give you a lift by-and-by."

"I am perfectly satisfied, Sir," said I, with a Midshipman's humility on my tongue and a great portion of the devil-may-care spirit in my breast; "and I cannot go far wrong with the eyes of Captain Fabian as well as your own upon me, and I am sure it shall be my study to afford every satisfaction to both."

"You will do right, Oldjunk," answered he, with a patronizing air, "and your situation will require great caution and management, unacquainted as you are with the people, and the stores without any place of security. Besides as yet we know nothing of the intentions of the Spaniards."

"Oh, I shall very soon put the defences to rights, Sir," responded I confidently. "One or two guns—and they are long 32's—will sweep the entire island. Nothing would venture to attack me!"

"How came the place to be taken, then?" demanded he, "you see it is entirely abandoned."

"Because," answered I, with a youth's nationality, "because they were Englishmen who stormed it and there will be Englishmen to defend it again."

MacCreery smiled, but uttered no more, and in few moments we landed on a shingly point that ran out about twenty yards into the bay. Full of eagerness, I took my fowling-piece under my arm, and having got my feet ashore I was running up an ascent, when the voice of the First Lieutenant arrested my steps.

"Most haste worse speed, Oldjunk. Wait till I join you, and let us look round together."

As a matter of course I instantly complied, though not without reluctance; as I earnestly longed to see my new domicile, which had appeared rather handsome as beheld through a glass from the gangway of the sloop. However we walked up leisurely alongside of each other, Mac giving me instructions for the future—spiced with wise saws and modern instances. The first structure we came to was a masked battery, of six long 24-pounders. The guns had been thrown over the parapet, and were almost concealed beneath the long grass. We found them spiked, and the trunnions knocked off. On the battery stood the carriages, in a state of wreck, and the fortification itself was much dilapidated and destroyed.

"Sir Home Popham's works," said MacCreery, as he pointed to the ruins. "Had those guns been well served they might have done great mischief; but they could not hold long, as there is no cover whatever for the artillery against a frigate's guns at the back of the island. So that you see, Oldjunk, this will be of no use to you by way of defence."

I thought he was rather hard upon me, but, nevertheless, I resolved to mount a couple of the Agamemnon's main-deck guns to protect the stores, which would have to be landed within half a cable's length of the battery. From thence we proceeded to a long range of buildings, about half way across the island. They were scarcely so good as barns in England. The roofs in some places had been battered in, and were leaky. In several parts the walls had large holes that admitted free ingress to the weather. The floors seemed as if they had been turned up with pickaxes; and though the exteriors of the buildings looked to be in pretty good order, yet the interiors were in a sad miserable plight. These had been barracks, and for a short time, in 1806, our troops had tenanted them,—of which many curious memorials remained drawn with charcoal upon the white walls, and the names of individuals, with the numbers of particular regiments, were distinctly pointed out in a most ludicrous manner—some were gibbeted, others apparently fresh gazetted. Some clever fellow had hit off Sir Home Popham and General Backhouse most accurately in profile. There were no doubt many others, but those I have named it was impossible to mistake, and there certainly was a good hour's amusement in tracing these caricatures.

We did not, however, stop many minutes; and after MacCreery had cast his eyes over the largest place, he said quietly,—

"It will just do, Oldjunk,—good length—plenty of room; and, as for the holes, we must plank them over, and hoist a couple of the sixty-four's sails at the gable-end. The roof will require caulking, to be sure; but that may soon be done—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said I, in a cold shiver, "it will hardly be possible to exist in such a ruin. A few more heavy breezes it will be launched upon the waters in small pieces. The very sight of it is enough to give one the ague."

"Nevertheless it will do very well for the purpose," quietly responded the First Lieutenant; "and you can have your eyes about you here, to see that there is no skulking."

"It would be wretched to be berthed in a hole like this, Sir," said I, somewhat depreciatingly; "the Doctor would soon have his hands full—"

"You are right, Oldjunk," answered he, with an ominous shake of the head; "but still it will do for an admirable rigging-loft, and, as I mean to strip ship, we can overhaul the gear under cover."

My uneasiness at supposing he intended this for my abode was at an end. We examined the other buildings,—appropriated the best for the people, and then proceed to the house which had evidently been the quarters of the Commandant. It was but little more than a humble cottage, with three rooms upon a floor, and those in a very rough condition. It was entirely destitute of either doors or windows. The walls were perfectly bare; and for months it had evidently been used to shelter the cattle. Two others stood adjacent, of a more diminutive size, with deep cellaring underneath, and the cavities below were crammed for

several feet deep with seal-skins going to decay, that smelt most abominably. In the first of these wretched habitations I decided to berth myself, and make it the seat of government; though I must own that when I contemplated the many dreary hours that I should have to pass alone at night, some distance from the men, I found nothing pleasant to shine upon the prospect. But there was no means of escape, and therefore I made up my mind to grin and bear it.

We inspected three other batteries, similar in all things to the one already mentioned, and the whole had mounted twenty-four 24-pounders, now rendered totally unserviceable. The afternoon was beautifully fine—the sun shed a pleasant warmth, as it shone brightly on the glassy surface of the water,—the blue mountains rose conspicuously against the transparent light of heaven, in the distance across the bay,—whilst on the outside of the island the expanse was filled with sky and ocean, excepting a small dark spot upon the bosom of the latter, some four or five miles off, the solitary resort of seals.

We returned to the ship, that laid slumbering, like a lonely thing, cheerless and companionless, the weary sentinel of the dismantled wreck; and Mac having given in his report to the Captain, everything was ordered to be ready by daylight on the following morning to commence operations. Working-gangs were mustered, with their drivers, to hoist provisions, &c., out of the sixty-four's hold; a raft was to be made for her guns; we had the whole of her boats, as well as our own, to man; the shore party were directed to be landed to prepare the barracks; and the carpenters were ordered, by the best means within their power, to put my place in something like order.

The early peep of morning set the whole in motion, and, though it was excessively cold, yet all hands turned to with alacrity. I first visited the wreck. There was a stiff breeze, and she laid restlessly, moaning like a fettered giant in the last stages of a devastating fever. From thence I went on shore with a quantity of the wreck, and as many half main-deck ports as I could collect. I found the Carpenter's crew particularly busy,—the half-ports furnished them with capital windows, that were soon fixed up; an outer door was speedily hammered together; a platform was laid down upon the ground for a floor in the largest room; the walls were hung with ensigns and signal-flags; a couple of half-hogsheads planked over, and covered with red baize afforded me a commodious table; there were three or four camp-stools for seats; a cot the Captain had given me was suspended from the beams, with an ensign for a curtain; and, in spite of every obstacle, the place began to assume a respectability and comfort that truly gladdened my heart.

The men went steadily, like hearty good fellows, to their work. They had plenty of materials; the mess-tables of the sixty-four were procured from the weather side of the ship, and slung against the walls of their building, the hammocks were hung up at the far-end, a sail separate the apartment,—in fact, by evening they contrived for themselves a condition of enjoyment that thousands might envy. This first day we were victualled from the sloop; but the following day allowances were to be served out, and we were to cook all for ourselves. Having seen my brave lads well berthed, and appointed look-outs for the night, I retired to my solitary tenement, where one of the men had kindled a good fire; and the keen air having made me hungry, I ate a hearty supper, swallowed more than one glass of grog, and then, placing a Purser's candle in a signal-lantern, I turned in.

Sweet is the refreshment derived from sleep, but my change of residence for some time deprived me of the enjoyment, and I thought and fancied all manner of things. At last I sank into slumber, and dreamed my position was attacked by the enemy. The beating of the drums, and the shrill sounds of the fife, marked the approach of the assailants,—there were strange groans—accompanied by the last energies of the breath, that suddenly awoke me—to find myself snug in my cot and that the noise which aroused me was no deception—the place, which had been perfectly quiet on my going to bed, was now a scene of confusion.

Some camp kettles saved from the wreck, had been temporarily stowed in my room, and gently putting aside my curtain, I beheld an enormous rat on the cover of each camp kettle, drumming away with his fore paws with all his might, whilst the floor was literally black with the same vermin, screaming and dancing about with great delight. What the groaning and puffing could be (for it was outside the building) I could not divine, but I made no doubt that a large portion of the rats had come from the 64, and the Spanish gentlemen and ladies were giving them a welcome. Certainly I felt myself in no very enviable situation, especially as, after two or three minutes inspection, I ascertained that some of the wretches had climbed to the beams, and were descending by the lanyards of my cot. I had never before in my life seen so many rats—their name was legion.

On went the drumming, and on went the skirling and skreeling, and so far I was not personally affected; but the fellows who were making a Jacob's ladder of my lanyard were not quite so agreeable. The fire was still burning, and threw out a feeble light that rendered the appearance of the monsters still more monstrous, as its rays glistened in their bright round eyes, and there seemed to be a sort of mysterious communication going on amongst them, as if imparting their discoveries. I had nothing but a brace of pistols that I had placed under my pillow, each loaded with a running ball, and though I fully calculated that the report would alarm the fraternity, yet I wanted to do something more by way of retaliation for the disturbance I had experienced. No time, however, was to be lost; one or two fellows had already entered my cot, and as I sat upright in my bed, so did they rise themselves upon their hind legs at the foot of it, and stared at me with ravening eyes. The numbers kept increasing—I did not dare turn out, lest a simultaneous attack should take place. I shouted, and though it seemed to cause them a little surprise, yet they soon continued their gambols, and the great fellow on the lid of the camp-kettle drummed harder than before, and looked at me with the most impudent defiance. "So be! my fine lad—is it so?" thought I, as I leveled my pistol; and the next instant the old gentleman was knocked over, and laid sprawling on the ground. The noise of the discharge had the effect of hurrying off my unwelcome visitors, who took their departure, screaming and hallooing in a violent manner, each pressing upon another in their eagerness to escape. Those which had swarmed the beams came dropping into my cot, and skulked fore and aft over the clothes and over my body without the slightest ceremony; some got down to the frame, under the mattress—others rolled themselves up in the blankets, and I really seemed to be beset, when, to increase my confusion, I heard a scuffling going on outside, and several voices in anger, accompanied by heavy blows.

"We've done for them, Mr. Oldjunk," exclaimed the tongue of a seaman, which I instantly recognized, "and fine strapping vagabonds they are, too. We heard you fire, Sir, and ran directly. Hope you have had no-

thing else to molest you. Let him alone, Jenkins; that chap's as big as a bullock, but he's dead enough now."

My mind still dwelling upon the rats, I applied the language of the man to them alone; and though, of course, I did not believe he could have fallen in with one "as big as a bullock," yet, when I recollected the heavy blows, and the manner in which they resounded, as well as the cries and groans that succeeded, I felt assured that something more than common had occurred. Besides, I was confused by the screeching of two rats, who, in their eagerness to get away, had rushed into a hole at the same moment, and literally were so fast jammed, that they could move neither ahead nor astern.

"Are you all safe, Sir?" continued Anderson, in a tone of alarm. "I'm blessed, Jenkins, but there's something wrong with the officer. The door's fast, too; but it's plain enough there's been sumut of a skrimmage. Yo-hoy! Mr. Oldjunk—them creatures will never trouble you again."

"I'm all right, Anderson," answered I, turning out of my cot. "I have experienced a severe attack, but I've weathered it thus far."

"Glad to hear it Sir—glad to hear it," responded he. "Jenkins and I heard the signal, and we made all sail from the dismantled battery directly—here's two or three more under way."

I then remembered that the firing of a pistol was to be the intimation that succour was required; but it puzzled me to conceive what enemies could have been met with outside.

"What was that scuffling?" asked I, "you must have struck some hard blows."

"Why, yes, Sir," replied Anderson, with some degree of seriousness, "such specimens of hoo-man natur arn't very easily killed; but, never mind, they are done for now."

At this moment a thought struck me—and it certainly made me shudder—that he might be alluding to some prowling Spaniards (for I felt satisfied that it could not be the rats) who had been tempted to cross from the main land in search of plunder; and however indefensible their conduct might be, yet, as intruders ourselves, their death would no doubt cause considerable strife and mischief, and draw down upon us the disapprobation of the Captain.

"What have you done, Anderson?" demanded I, somewhat sharply, whilst labouring under the impression. "Surely you have not killed a Spaniard?"

"Well, I suppose they're Spaniards, Sir," replied the seaman, carelessly, "seeing as they belonged to this d—d no-man's sort of a land; though I rather think they're a sort of half-and-half in an amphibious way. But hadn't you better open the door, Sir, and let us bring the bodies in?"

By this time I had quieted the two rats in the hole by covering them over with a billet of wood that must have made their ribs ache, and then I opened the door, with fearful misgivings that murder had been committed. A flickering flame played fitfully from the ashes of the fire, and gave me short glimpses of an immense animal stretched before the threshold, whose colour revived recollections of the vermin, though this did indeed look nearly as big as a bullock.

"There's three more on 'em a little way off, Mr. Oldjunk," said Anderson, with self-complacency, "and I dare say we might have had a dozen, only I thought it best to obey the signal."

"Had a dozen, my man!" reiterated I; "by the Lord Harry, there must have been thousands—there must indeed."

"Why I can't say, Mr. Oldjunk, as there was so many as that 'ere," answered Anderson, laughing, "but they're troublesome customers if they can get a grip at you with their teeth."

"Thank God, they didn't get quite so far as that, old boy," said I, "but I never saw so many before in all my life. I make no doubt there's some of 'em at this moment stowed away in my cot."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Oldjunk," uttered the seaman, humorously apologetic, as if he suspected that I was dreaming, "I beg pardon; but to my seeming it's coming it rather too strong over an old tar to endeavour to persuade him that a full grown seal could walk himself into a gentleman's hammock. But, howsomever, there's nothing like a good overhaul, and so here goes."

Four or five men entered, fresh candles were lighted, a supply of light fuel was thrown on the fire, and we were soon enabled to see very clearly. As I expected, no less than five rats were discovered in different parts of my bedding, and suffered instant death for their intrusion; and having got out a case-bottle of rum, mutual explanations ensued, by which it appeared that I had been nearly devoured by vermin. They had killed four fine seals that had come out of the water, and been snuffling and blowing round the entrance to my dwelling.

"They're full of oil, Sir," said Anderson, "I'll try it on to-morrow, and see what the Purser will give for 'em. If he's any way generous, then I'm blessed if we don't make his fortune. As for the skins, I'll take precious good care you shall have the best."

My cot was once more adjusted, and I took in a cargo of loose ammunition to encounter the enemy, should they again venture forth—several candles were lighted, and placed on different parts of the floor—the lids of the camp-kettles were removed—and after a stiff glass of grog, each of the men retired to their look-out stations, and I got again under the lee of the blankets. For more than an hour I laid sleepless and watching; but, except a squeak now and then, no disturber made his appearance. Weary nature at length claimed repose, and I lost all consciousness of my situation. How long I slept I cannot exactly say, but I was awoke by similar sounds to those that had previously broken my rest, and looking out, saw the rascals had all gathered confidence through the stillness that prevailed, and were renewing their gambols in high glee; the candles had burnt down low, and two or three, still lighted, were dancing about the room, the rats having pulled them from their places, were dragging them from each other, contending which should get the *fleshiest* bite; and certainly their antics were most ludicrous. The camp-kettles had again induced aspirants to mount, but the covers being gone, they tumbled in, and could not get out again; their screams attracted others, who shared the same fate, and there was not a kettle but had three or four tenants vainly striving to depart, and desperately fighting in their close confinement. I was not long expending my missiles, but seeing no one, they were for some time quite regardless, though every now and then many of them rolled over in the agonies of death. At last, fearing the candles might be dragged into the holes, and the place set on fire, I sprang out with a stout broomstick, and laid about me till the dead and the dying were sprawling in all directions. At one time, when I had penned several up in a corner, they flew at me with great viciousness, and one very large one seized upon the thick part of my leg, and would not be persuaded to let go his hold, till I held the burning candle as near to his nose as possible—he dropped to the ground, and I rubbed out his life with a lick of the essence of broomstick. The intruders were driven away; but apprehensive that, untaught by experience, they would renew their annoyance, I hailed Anderson, who brought his hammock

to the place, and laid guard for the rest of the night, so that my rest was sweet and sound.

Miscellaneous Articles.

SHAVING A NOTE.

Old Skinflint was the most celebrated broker in Philadelphia,—his "shaving" operations were famous, as he generally took off not only beard and whiskers, but "a pound of flesh" in addition. Young Harry Scaram was one of those dashing chaps who love wine and horses, and who form the majority of the great army of borrowers. Harry, having wants, on various occasions borrowed of Skinflint, at three per cent. a month "off"—and having, at sundry periods, made "raises," paid off his responsibilities. At last he got tired of such constant borrowing and repaying. It would be six years before his estates could be sold, under the terms of his father's will, who had prudently postponed that event until Harry would reach the age of "thirty," and Harry concluded it would be better to make a heavy operation at once, and be rid of the bother of continual borrowings. Away to Skinflint he hied, determined to procure a good round sum and be done with it.

"I want ten thousand for six years."

"Hem! what security will you give?"

"Oh, you may have my bond—that will bind my property."

"Hem! what discount will you give? You know my rule is, always to take the discount 'off,'—besides, you owe me a thousand due to-day, and I lent you 'a ten' in the street the other day."

"I won't pay what I've been paying;—one and a quarter per cent. a month is enough. You may take it 'off,' and take out what I owe you besides."

"Hem! well, here's a bond for \$10,000 at six years—sign it, and it'll be all right."

No sooner said than done. Harry affixed his autograph, and hummed a tune, whilst Skinflint got out his check-book, and made a calculation.

"Have you got ten dollars about you?" said he, in a moment; "if so, let me have it."

"All right, my old boy," said Harry, supposing he wanted it to "make change,"—"here it is."

"Hem! hem!" said Skinflint, locking up his desk, and making preparations "to shoot."

"Stop, old fellow!" said Harry, "where's my money?"

"Your money! oh! why, you've got it."

"Got it! what do you mean?"

"Why, I was to take off the discount, wasn't I, and the thousand?"

"Yes, but I want my money."

"Why, my dear fellow, you've got it. Ten thousand at one and a quarter a month, for six years, is *nine thousand*—a thousand you owed me—and you've just paid the *ten*; it's all right, my dear boy—a fair business transaction!"—*Reveille.*

CAPT. SAMUEL H. WALKER.

This officer is one of those rare spirits which a state of war will bring out from our citizen soldiers. His late unequalled conflict with the Mexicans, in which he lost nearly every man under his command, and his daring heroism in cutting his way to Gen. Taylor's camp, have excited in the public mind a strong desire to know more of him. He is the same gentleman so frequently and honorably spoken of in Gen. Green's journal of the Mier expedition. He is a native of Washington City, from whence he went into the Florida war, where in several campaigns he distinguished himself by his intrepid bravery. In 1842 he went to Texas, and during the invasion of that Republic by Gen. Woll, he was marked for his bold and daring conduct. After the Mexican General had retreated from San Antonio, and when he lay upon the Rio Hondo, Walker and Capt. McCullough crawled through his camp one night and spied out his position, and the next day with the gallant Hays, led the attack upon his rear guard. He then joined the celebrated expedition against Mier, and on the morning of that sanguinary battle, he, with three others—being the advance scout of the Texans—was taken prisoner and carried with his hands tied behind him to the head quarters of Gen. Ampudia. The Mexican General questioned him as to the Texan forces, and when Walker informed him that the Texans had only three hundred men, Ampudia pompously replied: "Does that audacious handful of men presume to follow me into this strong place and attack me?" "Yes," says Walker, "make yourself content upon that subject, General, they will follow you into hell and attack you there." He was, with his comrades, then marched a prisoner to the city of Mexico.

At Salado, with the lamented Capt. Cameron and Dr. Brennan, he led the attack upon the guard, overpowered them, and marched for Texas, when, after eating up all their horses and mules, surrendered to the Mexican Generals Mercier and Ortogo. He was again marched to Salado, where, with his comrades, he was made to draw in the celebrated black bean lottery, and every tenth man was shot. Those that remained of the Texans were marched to the Castle of Perote and the city of Mexico. Here, while working on the streets in that city, he was struck by a Mexican corporal for not working faster, when with his spade he knocked down the corporal, which caused the guards to beat him nearly to death. His life was a long time despaired of, and upon his recovery, he with two companions scaled the walls of his prison after nightfall, and made his way to Texas, over a distance of more than a thousand miles. Before, however, they got out of the country, they were twice more imprisoned, and each time effected their escape. When he had reached Texas again, he joined Captain Hays, who with fifteen others, armed with Colt's repeating pistols, fought 96 Comanches, and defeated them, leaving 36 killed upon the ground. Here Walker was run through the body with a Comanche spear, and his life again despaired of.

To such men Texas is indebted for her emancipation from Mexico. Few as they are, they have won her liberty, and have miraculously maintained it for ten years against all the boasted power of Mexico.—*Globe.*

GAOLS AND WORKHOUSES.

Anne Wilkinson, a woman about 45 years of age, and in wretched attire, was charged at the Gravesend Police Court, on Monday, with breaking, on the previous night, a square of glass in one of the windows of the Globe tavern, Milton-road. Mr. Lott, of the Globe, was about to prove the charge, when the defendant stopped him by admitting the wilful commission of the offence. To the Mayor's demand why she had done so, the defendant in a deliberate but energetic tone, and in a style of expression and manner that indicated a superior education, replied that she had walked thirty miles on the previous day without relief or refreshment. On arriving in Gravesend she implored of several housekeepers in the town to give her a night's lodging, and had been refused—

that she at length, observing the complainant's house to be one of entertainment for travellers, asked him for a lodging for the night, and he also refused both lodging and a morsel of refreshment—that not having one penny to procure any food, she saw no resource for her but a prison, and that to be taken there she had broken the window.

Mr. Oakes: If you were in the state of destitution you describe, why not go and ask for relief at the workhouse?

Defendant: I will not deceive you, gentlemen; I have been in many workhouses, and in every gaol in the kingdom, and I prefer, infinitely, the goals to the workhouses.

Mr. Oakes: Why?

Defendant: Because the society in a gaol is better—far better—bad though it be, than that of a workhouse; besides, in a gaol I had better shelter, abundance, and protection, and then I could make myself useful. In a workhouse I was ill-fed, ill-treated, and useless alike to myself and others, and compelled to associate with worse and lower characters than are to be found in a gaol, where such associations are not permitted.

In reply to the Mayor, the defendant said that she was a native of Thame, in Oxfordshire; that her father had been a teacher of languages, and that she was herself an embroiderer; that some years since, in consequence of inability to get employment, she left her native place, and had been at various times in great destitution, and was sent for relief into several workhouses, but found them invariably the same abodes of vice and misery; and that in the course of the last six years she had succeeded in procuring shelter, abundance, and good treatment in every gaol in England, except that of Maidstone, to which she was now desirous to be sent. The last she had been at was Coldbath-fields, and she felt bound to say that that prison was, in her opinion, the best regulated of any of those she had occasionally resided in. The Mayor, after some consultation with his brother magistrates, asked her whether, if she had the means, she would go back to her native place. To this she replied that she would much prefer going to Maidstone gaol; that if she should go back, she should get no employment, and to avoid the contagious, impure, and demoralising society of a workhouse, she should commit an offence to be sent again to gaol. She, therefore, begged of the magistrates to send her to Maidstone; to London she did not wish to return at present, as she had been in every prison in the metropolis, and she wished to try if Maidstone gaol was as well regulated.

The Mayor told her that she appeared to have a propensity for prison discipline, and, as she objected to go to her native place or to London, the magistrates would commit her for one month to Maidstone gaol.

Defendant, in a tone of disappointment, "One month!—far too short a time—but still I thank you, gentlemen." Turning then to leave the court in custody, she exultingly exclaimed, "I'll die at last in a gaol and not in a workhouse!"

—London Paper.

THE INTREPID JURYMAN.

Extracted from a late publication, entitled "An Excursion from Spylmunt (in Devonshire) to Chester.—By THE REV. EDMUND BUTCHER.—I cannot help congratulating our country upon the inestimable value of trial by jury: I have lately met with a proof of its excellence which ought not to be forgotten.

A judge, on the northwest circuit in Ireland, tried a cause, in which much of the local consequence of a gentleman in the neighbourhood was implicated. It was a landlord's prosecution against one of his tenants, for assault and battery, committed on the person of the prosecutor by the defendant, in rescuing his only child an innocent and beautiful girl, from personal violation. When the defendant was brought into court, the prosecutor also appeared, and swore to every fact laid down in the indictment. The poor defendant had no lawyer to tell his story—he, however, pleaded his own cause effectually, appealing to the judgment and the heart. The jury found him not guilty.

The judge was enraged, and told the jury they must go back and reconsider the matter: adding, he was astonished at their giving such an infamous verdict. The jury bowed, went back, in a quarter of an hour returned, when the foreman, a venerable old man, thus addressed the bench: "My lord, in compliance with your desire, we went back to our room; but as we there found no reason to alter our opinions or our verdict, we return it to you, in the same words as before—not guilty. We heard your lordship's reproof; but we do not accept it as properly applying to us. Individually and in our private capacities, it is true, we are insignificant men; we claim nothing out of this box, above the common regard due to our humble, yet honest stations; but, my lord, assembled here as a jury, we cannot be insensible of the great importance of the office we now sustain. We feel glad that we are appointed, as you are, by the law and the constitution, not only to act impartially between the king and his subjects, the offender, but to form the barrier of the people, against the possible influence, prejudice, or corruption of the bench; to which we do not wish to offer the smallest degree of disrespect, much less of insult; we pay it the respect which one tribunal should pay to another, for the common honor of both. This jury did not accuse the bench of partiality or oppression—no, we look upon it as the sanctuary of truth and justice; still, my lord, we cannot erase from our minds the records of our school books. By them we were taught that kings and judges are but fallible mortals; and that the seat of justice has been polluted by a Tressilian, a Scrogg, and a Jeffreys." The judge frowned at these words, but the intrepid juror thus proceeded:—"My lord, I am but a poor man, yet I am a freeborn subject and a member of the constitution—nay, I am now higher, for I am one of its representatives; I therefore claim for myself and fellow-jurors, liberty of speech."

The judge here resumed his complacency and the orator continued his address:—"We have nothing to do, my lord, with your private character in this place, it is veiled by your official one: we know you here only in that of a judge, and, as such, we would respect you—you know nothing of us but as a jury; and in that situation, we look to you for reciprocal respect, because we know of no man, however his titles or his rank, in whom the law of the constitution would warrant an unprovoked insult towards that tribunal, in which they have vested the dearest privileges they possess. We sit here, my lord, sworn to give a verdict according to our consciences, and the best of our judgment, on the evidence before us. We have, in our minds, discharged our duty as honest men. If we have erred, we are accountable, not to your lordship, nor to the king who appointed you: but to a higher power, the King of Kings!"

The bench was dumb, the bar silent; astonishment and applause murmured through the crowd, and the poor man was discharged.

THE INFLUENCE OF GENIUS.

His talk was as vivacious as if the talker had been stimulated by the juices of the finest banquet. Coningsby had never met or read of any one like this chance-companion. His sentences were so short, his voice rang so clear, his elocution was so complete. On all subjects his mind seemed to be instructed, and his opinions formed. He flung out a result in a few words; he solved with

a phrase some deep problem that men muse over for years. He said many things that were strange, yet they immediately appeared to be true. Then without the slightest air of pretension or parade, as he seemed to know everybody as well as everything. Monarchs, statesmen, authors, adventurers of all descriptions and of all climes—if their names occurred in their conversation, he described them in an epigrammatic sentence, or revealed their precise position, character, calibre, by a curt dramatic trait. All this, without any excitement of manner; on the contrary, with repose amounting almost to nonchalance. If his address had a fault in it, it was rather a deficiency of earnestness. A slight spirit of mockery played over his speech even when you deem him most serious; you were started by his sudden transitions from profound thought to poignant sarcasm. A very singular freedom from passion and prejudice on every topic on which they treated might be some compensation for this want of earnestness. What Coningsby determined to conquer was knowledge. He had watched the influence of Sidonia in society with an eye of unceasing vigilance. Coningsby perceived that that Lord yielded to him; that Lord Monmouth even, who seemed to respect none gave place to his intelligence; appealed to him, listened to him, was guided by him. What was the secret of this influence?—knowledge. On all subjects his views were prompt and clear, and this not more from his native sagacity and reach of view than from the aggregate of facts which rose to guide his judgment, from all countries and all ages, instantly at his command.—Coningsby, or the New Generation.

The Speaker.—No Etonian youth ever hailed a half-holiday with greater glee than the late Manners Sutton did a sudden "no house" night; Shaw Lefevre likes it just as well. On Tuesday he hurried to the chair—members dropped in—one, two, three, &c.; it is four o'clock—no house! and, in an instant, the few who came "cut and ran." The Premier's "spit" turned right merrily, for he had a snug diplomatic dinner in the evening; Sir James Graham's large fish kettle was brought from the rich purveyor in the neighborhood, who has made the fortune of Crassus by providing turbot and eels and venison for ministerial stomachs. In fact, "dinner dressed at the shortest notice," might with propriety have been marked in the windows of nearly every ministerial dwelling. Sir Robert sent a messenger down to the Queen with a red box containing a letter and a newspaper;—the same messenger returned to Sir Robert while the latter was at dinner. "My gracious mistress, &c.," quoth the Minister, and he quaffed his Madeira to her, and the success of the British arms in India. So wags the world away.

Second Marriages.—The Irish do not hold it strictly right for either man or woman to marry again; and if a woman does so, she prefixes it with an apology:—"It's a father I was forced to put over his children, because I had no way for them, God help them, and this man, ye see, says, 'Mary,' he says, 'I have full and plenty for them, and the Lord above he knows it's justice I'll do them, and never hinder your prayers for the man ye lost, or anything in reason, or out of reason either; and troth he kept his word wonderful.'" And the neighbors of the married widower apologise for him after this fashion:—"Well, to be sure! we must consider that he had a whole handful of soft children, and no one to turn round on the sure, or do a hand's turn for him; so its small blame to him after all." Or they condemn—"Yarra, bish! to see an old stricken-down like that set himself up with a young wife, and grown-up daughters in his house. To think of the hardness of him—passing the churchyard, where the poor heart that loved him and his children is powdering into dust—passing the grave where the grass is 't yet long, with the slip of a girlie in the place of her with the thoughtful head and heavy hand. Oh, bedad! she'll punish him, I'll engage; and I'm glad of it." They are more angry with women for a second marriage than with a man, and certainly never consider a second union as holy as a first.

Mrs. Hall's Ireland.

Canning's Boyhood.—The childhood of George Canning was passed under the inauspicious guardianship of Mr. Reddish (his mother's second husband), whose disorderly habits excluded the possibility of moral or intellectual training. The profligacy of his life communicated its reckless tone to his household, and even the material wants of his family were frequently neglected to feed his excesses elsewhere. Yet, amid all these unpropitious circumstances, the talents of the child attracted notice; and Moody, the actor, who had constant opportunities of seeing him, became strongly interested in his behalf. Moody was a blunt, honest man, of rough bearing, but of the kindest disposition, and foreseeing that the boy's ruin would be the inevitable consequence of the associations by which he was surrounded, he resolved to bring the matter at once under the notice of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning. The step was a bold one; for there had been no previous intercourse between the families, although the boy was seven or eight years old. But it succeeded. Moody drew an indignant picture of the boy's situation declared that he was on the high road to the "gallows," (that was the word;) dwelt upon the extraordinary promise he displayed; and warmly predicted that if proper pains were taken for bringing him forward in the world, he would one day become a great man. Mr. Stratford Canning was at first extremely unwilling to interfere; and it was not until the negotiation was taken up by other branches of the family, owing to honest Moody's perseverance, that he ultimately consented to take charge of his nephew, upon the condition that the intercourse with his mother's connections should be strictly abridged.

Bell's Life of Canning.

A Yankee Captain once sung out in a squall, to a raw, and, newly shipped on board his craft—

"Let go that jib there! Darn your skin, let go that jib!"

"I ain't touchin' it!" squalled out the simple down Easter.

Jenny Lind.—A letter from Berlin of the 27th ult. states that Made-moiselle Jenny Lind had sprained her left ankle in descending one of the staircases of the Grand Opera. His Majesty had, immediately upon hearing of the accident, despatched one of his private surgeons to attend upon the celebrated cantatrice, and had frequently sent to inquire after the patient. Upwards of 1,000 cards were daily left at the residence of the favorite by private individuals of distinction.

Progress of Steam-boats.—In 1814, there was but one steam-boat belonging to the British empire. During thirty years the number has increased to about 1000 British steam-boats, which are now navigating all parts of the world.

A THEATRICAL FARCE.

That lady-like and gifted young actress, Mrs. Mowatt, has returned to New York, after having completed a most successful Southern tour. Of her recent engagement at Savannah, the following account is related in the Boston Transcript, of a ludicrous circumstance which occurred at the theatre in that place:—

The play to be performed was the "Stranger." A difficulty arose about

Mrs. Haller's children—there were no children in the company, and several ineffectual attempts were made to procure a couple sufficiently young and pretty. At last a young mulatto woman, who officiated as dresser in the theatre, hearing of Mrs. Mowatt's distress, offered her own two children, a little boy and girl, both of them very lovely, and so fair that their maternity could scarcely have been suspected. As there was no recourse, her proposal was accepted.

When evening came, the children were dressed with the greatest care, their faces washed, their hair curled in long ringlets, and sugar plums, coppers, and instructions were showered upon them. When they first appear Peter has to lead them on, and after a very few words crosses the stage and enters the cottage of Tobias through a small door. When the proper cue was given, on walked Peter, holding an infantile debutante by either hand, but no sooner had he reached the centre of the stage than the little girl gave one terrified glance at the audience, and with a loud shriek, breaking from Peter, flew round and round the stage, not knowing where to make her exit. The audience shouted, and Peter ran after the terrified child, dragging the little boy with him. His efforts to catch her were unavailing—the audience, convulsed with laughter, fairly yelled—then the boy broke forth with screams louder than his sister's—Peter caught him up in his arms, and once more started in pursuit of the little girl. After darting from side to side, half stunned by the shrieks of the children and the ungovernable uproar of the audience, both children were secured.

The next difficulty was to get them into the cottage. He kicked open the door with his foot, for he had neither hand at liberty, and tried to pass in, but the boy, now more terrified than ever, struggled violently to free himself from Peter's arms, crying out—"Oh! no, no, no! don't put me in e-e guard-house! e-e guard-house! don't put me in e-e guard-house!"—thus at once betraying his origin to the audience*, who at this unexpected denouement could not find sufficient voice for the demonstration of their amusement, and stamped and clapped and shouted until the house fairly shook.

Of course the play was concluded without the children, and the last tableau, to which they are so necessary, was altered.

* Only black children can be placed in the guard-house.

Imperial Parliament.

STATE OF BUSINESS IN PARLIAMENT.

House of Lords, April 27.

Lord BROUGHAM, in moving for returns connected with the importation of corn from foreign places and from Ireland, already granted to the other House, took occasion to show how their Lordships might profitably occupy themselves in the Free-trade line should business in the House of Commons continue much longer at a stand-still—

The state into which the business of the country had been brought, according to the Votes, (which were the only records he had access to by the constitution of the country, by the law of Parliament, and with the most perfect regularity, he was bound to admit,) was such, that in the foreign capital from which he had lately returned, he had heard grave doubts expressed respecting the expediency of our system, by persons with whom, no doubt, he differed upon nearly all political questions. He had in vain defended our system against his friends at the French bar, and among French politicians. He had argued with them, that what they looked upon as the radical defect and vice of our system, was only of a passive, temporary, and accidental nature; that it must be accounted for by the varied caprice of fortune, which placed certain men in certain positions of which they availed themselves, affecting to be in favour of a measure which in their hearts they hated, or affecting to be against a measure which in their hearts they loved, complaining only that it did not go far enough, but using their position for the purpose of postponing it. He had given this explanation to his friends in France on the present state of things with regard to the Corn Bill. "But," said they, "facts are against you: you do not get on; your business is stopped; there is an utter incapacity to carry on the business of the country; and how long is it to last, or what is to happen, who can tell?" His other answer had been this; the nature of the British constitution, and its singular excellence is, that wherever there shall happen to arise any temporary mischief from the friction of the parts of the machine, or any resistance in the medium through which it moves, there is in that great political engine (the perfection of human polity, as he firmly, conscientiously, and seriously believed) a well-regulated constitutional monarchy, acting by means of a well-regulated representative system—a vis medicatrix, a power of readjustment, self-corrective and adaptive, which never failed to get rid of any temporary obstruction, and to restore harmony in the working of the great machine. Their Lordships possessed a power within themselves of applying the corrective, and of administering an effectual remedy. If in any quarter, of whatever colour of politics, the desperate hope was entertained of frustrating the intentions of Parliament and of the country by endless and vexatious delays, or of postponing the arrival of that great, and, in his conscience he believed, most salutary measure into their Lordships' House till it should be too late to discuss it (for without ample discussion God forbid it should be carried) this session, then the remedy was in their Lordships' own hands: for they had the power of anticipating the discussion and of coming to a deliberate and well-considered opinion. And if, in the course of a fortnight, he should, by having recourse again to the Votes, still find the same obstruction to this, and indeed to all business elsewhere—for it was not to the Corn Bill, but to all other business that the obstruction referred—he should deem it his bounden duty, as their Lordships had the unquestionable right, to bring on the subject for discussion without waiting for the bill; and thus give noble Lords an opportunity of discussing and deliberating, and pronouncing their opinion upon the general principle of that great and most important commercial change. And when their Lordships, after discussion, should have pronounced a favourable opinion upon the principle, as he earnestly hoped and confidently expected would be the case, then he might venture, without any gift of prophecy, to foretell that the passage of that and other measures would no longer meet with obstruction elsewhere. With the view, therefore of preparing for the discussion—which might be wholly unnecessary, but which might also become absolutely necessary—he moved for the returns mentioned.

The returns were ordered without comment.

PACIFICATION OF IRELAND.

House of Commons April 27.

The adjourned debate on the first reading of the Irish Protection of Life Bill was resumed.

Mr. McCARTHY opposed the bill; his conviction being that it was neither calculated to suppress crime nor to cure the evils under which Ireland laboured

—It was a lamentable characteristic of the outrages complained of, that they were committed for the greater part in the noon-day. Unlike other delinquents, the perpetrators of these outrages sought not the covert of night. They were for the most part strangers to the locality where the crimes were committed, and were men of most reckless character. He disapproved of levying rates for the payment of additional policemen, or for any other purpose contemplated in the bill. He was sure that a measure so defective could not have originated with or been fashioned by Sir Robert Peel and Sir James Graham. It did not look like the work of statesmen. "But I think I can trace it to its source; I believe I can point out the hands by which it has been wrought. It is the misfortune of the Irish Administration, and not merely of the present, but of almost every Administration which has preceded it, that the government of that country is not conducted by statesmen, but is a government of law-officers." He entered with some minuteness into the history of Ireland, to show how unfortunate her connexion with England had been; and concluded by calling upon Sir Robert Peel to exhibit the same firmness and the same ability in dealing with the wrongs of Ireland as he had shown in dealing with commercial grievances.

Mr. HAWES denied that the bill was justified by the necessities of the case.—Taking the reports of trials and committals which had been laid upon the table of the House for 1845, and which he thought were much more satisfactory than the statements of Stipendiary Magistrates and Police Constables, founded upon by Sir James Graham, he found that the number of committals for 1845 presented a decrease of 14 per cent as compared with previous years. As regards the crime of murder, the return showed a decrease of 28 per cent in the year 1845 as compared with 1844; and under the head of attempts to murder, there had been a decrease of 69, or nearly 53 1-2 per cent. It was also shown that a decrease of crime had taken place in those counties which were deemed the worst. But, taking the returns which had just been supplied on the motion of Mr. Charles Buller and furnished by the Police, the only increase worth noting was under the head of "threatening notices." Neither was "undetected" crime on the increase, nor had any difficulty been found in getting convictions. Mr. Hawes founded much upon the tranquillity which prevailed in Ireland under the rule of Lord Normanby, who did not govern by coercion bills. He hoped the Government, looking at the difficulties which encompassed legislation with regard to Ireland, as well as to the stoppage of all English measures, would cease to press a bill which must encounter stage by stage, clause by clause, and line by line, the most determined opposition; for he knew little of the Irish Members if they were found to shrink from that contest on which they had entered, and the only result of which must be the absorption of time to no useful purpose.

Sir ROBERT PEEL, in allusion to a remark by Mr. Hawes, said that the question of popularity, as involved in persevering with the measure or in abandoning it, was hardly a consideration which ought to influence the conduct of those who are responsible for the peace of Ireland: to abandon the bill might be more popular than to persevere with it, but that popularity would be gained at too costly a sacrifice if it were accompanied by increased danger to life and property.—His course was not adopted from any punctilious adherence to established usage; but what were the circumstances? The first practical measure recommended to the notice of the House in the Speech from the Throne was a measure for giving, if possible, increased security to life in Ireland. In answer to this, an assurance was given by the House, that it was deeply impressed with the importance of the subject, and that it would take into consideration any measures that had for their object the prevention of the grievous crime of murder. A bill intended to accomplish this object passed the House of Lords with very little opposition; Irish Peers who in political sentiments agreed with the opponents of the measure in the Commons assented to the bill. It has been the uniform, the invariable practice of the Commons, with respect to a measure brought down from the House of Lords under such circumstances and introduced by the Government, to read it a first time without delay. In treating the measure with such deference, it showed a willingness to give it consideration, at least to allow it to pass through the preliminary stage at a first reading; in like manner as in the House of Lords, every bill, by whomsoever introduced, was read a first time as a matter of course. He did not deny the right of the opponents of the measure to contest this practice, the invariable usage of the Commons; he was only considering whether or not the Government would have been justified in allowing the measure to lie on the table without the slightest notice being taken of it. "Sir, I do not know that the House of Lords would not resent our doing so. It was not under the influence of a mere punctilious deference that we took the course we did; but of this we felt deeply convinced that if we had permitted this bill, so recommended from the Throne, and agreed to by the House of Lords, to lie on the table without notice, the Representatives of Ireland would have accused us, and justly accused us, of offering an insult to that country by so doing."

"I will now allude to an injurious surmise which I have heard thrown out that her Majesty's Government are indifferent to the progress of the Corn Bill; and that they interposed this discussion, or rather the motion for the first reading of this bill, with a view to the defeat or the delay of that measure. I have heard some honourable gentlemen say, not that they thought so themselves, but that such was the impression on the part of the public. Sir, in answer to that statement, I will only say, without any unnecessary boast, that I shall be prepared to give whatever proof may be required of the sincerity of my intentions. (Cheers.) It is sufficient for me now to say, that the progress of the discussion, the lapse of time, and intervening events, have more strongly increased the feeling with which I spoke when I proposed the permanent and final settlement of the corn question. (Cheers.) I will not deny that during the debates on the question, my opinions on the subject have undergone a change: but it is this—that restrictions which I at first believed to be impolitic, I now believe to be unjust. Consequently, the sense of their injustice precludes any compromise on my part. (Cheers.) That which I have proposed, both as to the amount of duty and as to the continuance of that duty, is all I am able to offer; and in answer to those injurious suspicions, I think it enough to say, that I shall be perfectly ready to testify, by any public act, the sincerity of my intentions. (Repeated Cheers.) Therefore, sir, I say that the first consideration which entered into the minds of the Government in proposing, pursuant to uniform custom, the first reading of this bill, was not any lurking desire to interpose any difficulties to the progress of those commercial measures which they had proposed to this House, or to defer for a single day the final decision of the question which they embrace."

In reference to the measure now under consideration, he agreed with an observation which fell from the Member for Drogheda—"We are bound to prove that at the present moment, from the nature and the frequency of crimes, (I speak more particularly of assassinations and crimes affecting the public peace,) Ireland is in an unusual position; we are bound to prove that we have exhausted all the ordinary means provided by the law; and we are bound also to establish by argument (for proof in such a case is impossible) that the measure proposed

will conduce to the end in view. The future cannot be proved. All we can do is to attempt to establish in the minds of those whom we invite to consult on the subject, a strong moral conviction that it is probable that the proposed law will be effectual for the purpose intended."

Mr. Hawes had contested the facts adduced by Sir James Graham on a previous occasion as to the extent of crime; but Sir Robert Peel did not think that Mr. Hawes would be able to contest the facts to which he was now about to refer. "I am about to contrast the year 1843 with the year 1844. In 1844 there was some increase of crime, but we were unwilling to appeal without necessity to the House for extraordinary powers. Let us, however, take the comparison, though to compare one year with the one immediately following may sometimes be fallacious."

Mr. HAWES—"To what document are you referring?"

Sir ROBERT PEEL—"I believe that the document I refer to has been published. What I hold in my hand is a document furnished by the Police in Ireland: a comparative view of the extent of crime from 1835 to 1845, and which is, as to the later years, I believe, exactly concurrent with that which is laid on the table of the House."

Mr. HAWES—"What I quoted from was the special report of the Constabulary in Ireland from 1842 to 1845."

Sir ROBERT PEEL—"Yes: and therefore including the years to which I refer. I will leave you to judge whether my selection of crimes is a good one. The different heads are homicides, conspiracies to murder, assaults on the police, aggravated assaults, demand for or robbery of arms, administering oaths, sending threatening notices, attacking houses, firing into dwellings. Offences which do not involve any serious disturbance of the public peace I shall exclude: I shall take only crimes, the frequency of which is characteristic of a diseased state of society. I begin with homicides. In 1843 the number of homicides reported at the Constabulary office was 122, in 1845 they were 139. Are those numbers the same as the numbers in the return to which the honourable gentleman referred? [Mr. Hawes—"Yes."] Then the returns are the same. The number of crimes, then, in the two years 1843 and 1845 are stated as follows."

Return of Outrages specially reported to the Constabulary Office—Offences against the Person and Public Peace.

	1843.	1845.
Homicides.	122.	139.
Conspiring to murder.	3.	8.
Assault on the Police and Magistrates.	48.	72.
Aggravated assault.	444.	540.
Demand or robbery of arms.	119.	551.
Administering oaths.	51.	223.
Threatening notices.	940.	1,944.
Attacking houses.	215.	483.
Firing into dwellings.	87.	138.

One Member had said that threatening notices ought hardly to be included; but Sir Robert thought that an increase from 940 in 1843 to 1,944 in 1845 was a significant circumstance. Though threatening notices themselves inflict no injury, they are enough to disturb the tranquility of families, and the families know that the execution of the sentence of vengeance often follows. There may be instances in which threatening notices are fabricated; but he had made every deduction on that account. Sir Robert referred to the admissions of some of the Irish Members, opponents of the measure, to show that, as regarded the nature of the crimes, the national character had undergone an unfavourable change. Sir William Somerville said—"I fear a change in the national character has taken place; I see that neither age nor sex is any guarantee against outrage;" and the Member for Kilkenny had remarked that he was overwhelmed with disgust and shame at the hideous crimes perpetrated in some parts of Ireland. Sir Robert proceeded to read from official reports the details of some of the murderous outrages which had taken place; and, quoting results, he showed that the poor and helpless were more exposed to murderous attacks than the rich; if Parliament could afford protection to men of that class, though some constitutional principle should be violated in consequence, he thought the sacrifice ought to be made. "From the frequency of crimes endangering life—from the nature and quality of the crimes—from the frequent instances of complete impunity—from the fear there is of giving evidence either before a Magistrate or in court—from the danger there is that these crimes will become contagious and spread to other districts, there is an imperative call on the Legislature to consider whether precautions are not necessary."

This brought him to the second point—has Government exhausted the means which the existing law put at their disposal for the repression of crime? He contended that such was the case. There is a Police force of 10,000 men; and he did not think that a mere addition to that force would be accompanied with any great advantage. Special commissions had been recommended; but unless you have the prisoner and the evidence to convict, special commissions are useless, or worse than useless. He was not aware in what single instance Government could be charged with not using every instrument that the constitution and the law have placed at their disposal for bringing criminals to trial and deterring from the commission of crime.

As to the third and most important point—that the measures now submitted will be efficacious for the object in view—Sir Robert Peel remarked, that to propose any measure which is not likely to answer the end, would be an evil not compensated by the intention. "To demonstrate that the act we propose will have the effect we wish, is impossible. But can we show that this is not a superfluous breach of the constitution? I think I have shown that there are ample reasons for attempting something, if that something appears likely to be efficacious. In the year 1835, what course did the Government at that time take to prevent the frequency of crime, the horrid character of the crimes, and the impunity for crime at that time prevailing? The course which that Government took shall we not take who are responsible for preserving peace in Ireland now? We are told now that we disregard the opinions of the Representatives of Ireland. But the Representatives of Ireland, who must be supposed to be best acquainted with the state of that country, in a time of political excitement—in the year 1835, the Representatives of Ireland, without remonstrance, consented to a measure the principle of which is the same as that we now propose. (Cheers, and expressions of dissent from the Irish Members.) Sir Robert proceeded to examine the bill of 1835 and the one under consideration; showing wherein they agreed, and wherein they differed. Both bills empowered the Lord-Lieutenant to proclaim certain districts, and to compel persons to remain within their houses from sunset to sunrise. One difference is, that by the act of 1835, the person found out of doors was bound to prove his innocence, while by the present bill the prosecutor is bound to prove the man's guilt. Another difference is, that by the bill of 1835 the offence

of being found out of doors was a misdemeanour, while by the present bill it is made a felony. "But is that a ground for rejecting the measure?—When we find you, the Representatives of Ireland, in 1835 consenting to a law, the principle of which is the same as this, which you denominate the Curfew Act, are we wrong in proposing that to be the basis of the measure we now propose? The honourable Member for Lambeth has read accounts of the progress of tranquillity under another Government from 1835 to 1840: why, during the whole of that period you enforced that very measure. I should be very sorry to exaggerate, and I admit there is a slight difference between the two measures; but I challenge honourable Members to a closer inspection of them. In the bill of 1835, the Grand Juries were to make a presentment to the Lord-Lieutenant, who thereupon issued his proclamation. We thought it of great importance to alter this feature of the law of 1835. We thought, if we proposed to give Grand Juries or Magistrates a similar power to cause the act to be put in force, you would make that a ground for objection; we thought you would have said that the Executive alone should take the responsibility of putting the act in force.—(Cheers.) You have said that the landlords will avail themselves of the power of this act for the purpose of clearing their estates: is it not better, then, to put it out of all suspicion that those who will have to administer the law are actuated by such motives? (Cheers.) If that is your opinion of the Irish landlords, which is the best course—to throw upon the Executive the entire responsibility, or to permit Grand Juries or Magistrates to invoke the aid of the law? We thought this a great and important alteration; but if you think otherwise, you will have an opportunity of altering it." Sir Robert thought that he had shown, that there was no such departure from the law of 1835 as to expect that such a decided opposition as that now made would have been experienced. As regards penalty for being found out of doors, there is certainly a material difference: in the one case the offender might be punished as for a misdemeanour, but by the present bill he may be transported for seven years. Still the principle and most of the leading details of the present bill were assented to by Parliament, and the Irish Members, in the case of the act of 1835. But although such powers be given, it does not follow that they should be exercised.—"The best result would be that this law should not have to be called into practical operation. You argue that the existence of this power will exasperate the people of Ireland, and make bad worse: but I show you that, during five years, this principle of law was upon the statute-book. If I remember rightly, there was but one division upon the former bill. I believe the honourable Member opposite proposed some alteration."

Mr. W. S. O'BRIEN—"I protested against the bill, and endeavoured to shorten its duration."

Sir R. PEEL—"And only four Members divided with the honourable gentleman. ('Hear, hear!') Well, then, in 1835 you permitted this bill to pass; you permitted it to pass for a period of five years, without a motion being made for its repeal."

Mr. W. S. O'BRIEN—"There was another motion afterwards for repeal."

Sir R. PEEL—"And how many voted for it? Two. (Hear, hear.) The honourable Member from Limerick proposed a duration of two, instead of five years, and found only four Members to support him; and at a subsequent period it was proposed that this disgrace to our statute book, this blot upon our legislation, should be expunged, and only two Members were found to support that motion! I am the last man to blame those who now think that enactment unwise, for opposing the present bill; but I did not believe, until I heard it from your own mouths, that particular censure would be cast upon the Executive Government for having, in deference to the local experience and knowledge of gentlemen of Ireland as to the best means of repressing crime, proposed, as the basis of the measure of 1846, which you accepted as the best measure in 1835, which you preferred to endure for five years instead of two, and of which at a subsequent period, and in calmer mood, only two Members voted for repeal. (Cheers.) You may be justified in opposing this measure now; I have no right to question your discretion; but do not accuse us of the wish to inflict injury and insult upon Ireland, if, in 1846, relying upon your superior judgment and authority, we have taken a course which you yourselves sanctioned in 1835. (Cheers.) Let us hope that there will be no practical occasion for the law to be called into operation; that it will be dormant; that the existence of this instrument of repression will of itself be sufficient to prevent the recurrence of the formidable evils it is meant to suppress; that from its dormant energy it will deter men from crime, without inflicting those grievous penalties of keeping persons within their doors, or subjecting a district to the pecuniary penalty the law provides. Let us hope that the knowledge of the law being in existence will be as efficacious as it was before, and that we shall be able at no distant period—even earlier than before—to dispense with it altogether. For that was the case before, that the law was on the statute-book, but was not called into operation for a period of its existence."

Going into some minor differences which existed between the two measures, Sir Robert thought that the provision which authorised the imposition of a penalty for the benefit of the families of murdered persons would have a salutary effect.

As to the proposed measure being a remedy for the evils in Ireland, no such thing was imagined. It partakes in no degree of a perfect remedy; it was an unmitigated evil if not justified by a great necessity. The passing of such a law did not dispense with the necessity of maturely considering the causes of existing evils and the best remedies to be applied. Much had been spoken in favour of extending the principle of the English Poor-law to Ireland; but he did not think that such a course ought to be rashly entered upon. All the social peculiarities of Ireland required to be taken into account, otherwise fatal mistakes might be committed. It is impossible to contemplate the state of landed property in Ireland without being compelled to admit that at present it is in the most unsatisfactory condition. In no country does a greater necessity exist for upholding the great principles of property; but at the same time, it is impossible to read without deep apprehension the accounts of the great number of tenants evicted from certain estates. The difficulty is, how to devise a remedy. Mr. Sharman Crawford's bill provided for tenants receiving compensation for improvements; but it did not prevent a landlord from ejecting a pauper tenantry who have made no improvements. Addressing the Irish landlords in particular, Sir Robert said—"You will excuse me if I speak with freedom when I say I think you are apt to rely too much upon the power of the Executive Government. If you would meet together—I speak of absentees as well as of resident proprietors—and seriously consider what are the real evils of your country, and what are the obligations imposed on you as possessors of property—(Hear, hear!)—if those who are armed with legal power, who eject their tenantry without considering how they obtain shel-

ter and subsistence, would reflect on the consequences of such an exercise of their power—and if the exertion of this power be necessary, if they would maturely consider the duty imposed on them of providing in some measure against the dreadful consequences of such a course, which a very little liberality and forbearance would enable them to do—yet would confer greater benefit on your country than the Government or legislation can effect. I need only remind you of the improvements effected in Ireland by Lord George Hill. It is true that, so late as the year 1838, that nobleman purchased some 18,000, or 20,000 acres of land in the wildest part of Ireland; that he said to himself, 'I will perform my duty as a landlord; I will persevere against all difficulties; I will not be deterred by any opposition I may encounter from my tenants or neighbors, but I will persevere in my attempt to improve the condition of the people, it is true that the noble Lord has succeeded in his attempt! Has he not succeeded, without the advantage of those prejudices which ancient hereditary descent might have created in his favour—for he purchased the property as a stranger—in conciliating the good will of the people? It is true, that by perseverance, by forbearance, by deference, in the first instance, perhaps to the ignorance or prejudices of the people, by kindly feeling, and by evincing determination to effect improvements, he has affected the revolution he contemplated in the country? And has not this been done consistently with the promotion of his own interests? Has not the value of his property improved? Have not his rentals increased? I must say, I think that gentleman, by the example he has set, has entitled himself to be regarded as a public benefactor to his country (Cheers.) I honor and respect the motives which have led him to adopt this course, and I envy him the reflections of his own conscience. [Col. Conolly here made an observation to Sir Robert Peel.] My honorable and gallant friend says that my statement is strictly correct. (Cheers.) My own impression is, that though much may be done by good legislation, by which the foundation at least of social improvement may be laid, yet that the immediate practical improvement of Ireland will be most efficaciously promoted by a combination of the landlords, resident and absentee, to follow the example of Lord George Hill, to improve their own property, and to increase its productiveness, while at the same time they conciliate the good will and affections of those who stand towards them in the relation of tenants." (Cheers.)

In conclusion, Sir Robert hoped, that in stating the reasons which had induced the Government to introduce the present bill, he had said nothing calculated to give offence. "I do not censure the Irish Representatives for the course they have taken with respect to this bill; nor do I mean to blame them for being solicitous about it; all I will say upon this point is to express regret that, as they were anxious for discussion, they did not permit a continuous discussion. I could have wished that they had permitted us to proceed from day to day with the debate upon this question. I have no desire, nor, indeed, any right to question the exercise of their legitimate privilege; but I do think that all interests would have been better served by an uninterrupted discussion, and the practice of occupying two days in the week with an Irish motion was calculated very much to impede the progress of public business. Five weeks have elapsed since this bill was first introduced; and after the long discussion which has taken place, and I will say after the great ability that has been displayed in that discussion, I do hope the Irish Members will feel it consistent with their duty to permit the sense of the house to be now taken, without further delay, on this the preliminary stage of the bill. I wish to avoid one word that can pique them into a continuation of the discussion. I do not question the exercise of their discretion. But when it is remembered that this is only a preliminary debate, and that measures of vast public importance are still pending, I do entertain a hope that they will now yield to what appears to be the prevailing opinion on all sides of the House, even amongst those who join with them in their opposition, and, feeling that they have already performed their duty to their country, that they will at length permit the sense of the House to be taken on this the preliminary stage of the bill." (Much cheering as Sir Robert resumed his seat.)

The remaining speakers were Mr. Wyse, who spoke against the bill; Colonel Conolly, who expressed his hearty approval of it; and Mr. Rich, who spoke in opposition.

House of Commons, May 1.

The Parliamentary week has ended with the removal of one obstruction: the Irish Assassination Bill was shoved out of the way of the Commons last evening; its first reading having been carried by a large majority. Of course there was nothing new in the speeches; but we glean a few of the more prominent particulars from the summary in the *Times*:

Mr. MAURICE O'CONNELL'S points were—the dismissal of the Repeal Magistrates by Sir R. Sugden; the Arms Act; the monster indictment; the imprisonment of Mr. O'Connell, and his subsequent discharge by the House of Lords; the Charitable Bequests Act; the godless Colleges Act; the contempt of the people of Ireland for the Government which had introduced these bungling acts of legislation; the failure of all former Coercion Acts; the oppressive character of the present Coercion Bill; the folly of pressing it on the House against the wishes of the Irish Members, the Irish people, and the very officials of the Irish Government; the agrarian insurrection, and the causes of it.

Mr. COLQUHOUN said that the evil was at present intolerable; but he did not think the present measure was sufficiently stringent to overcome it to some extent it would do good, but not to the extent required. He thought that you ought to have powers to arrest these village Marats, who were well known to the Police, either by a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, or by some other similar measure, and to place them for a time in such imprisonment as would deter others.

Mr. TIMOTHY O'BRIEN warned the House, that if the Bill should unfortunately pass, it would be found, in less than twelve months, that fifteen, instead of five Irish counties were in a state of intolerable disturbance.

Mr. BELLEW thought that Sir Robert Peel was the last man in the world to tell the landlords of Ireland that they were too much in the habit of neglecting their duty, of doing nothing for themselves, and of trusting for everything to the Government. Was not Sir Robert Peel the Minister who issued the Landlord and Tenant Commission; and has he brought in any measure founded on the report of that Commission to fulfil the hopes which he had himself excited?

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made an elaborate reply to the speeches of Mr. O'Connell and Lord John Russell on the first night of this debate, and vindicated, in detail, the various clauses of the bill.

Mr. HENRY GRATTAN, after an impassioned denunciation of the agrarian murders by which Ireland had been recently disgraced, proceeded to condemn with even still greater warmth the oppressive and unconstitu-

tional provisions of this Curfew Bill, which was intended to repress, but would most unquestionably aggravate them. He ran riot for some time among the general and local grievances of Ireland; which he described as "a gutted and eviscerated" country. He caused, however, a striking sensation in the House, by making a statement of numerous cases, in which the Police had been actively engaged in employing spies and informers, to incite individuals to the commission of crime in Ireland, and in which they had themselves written and served threatening notices, for which they had afterwards apprehended innocent individuals, and received considerable rewards.

Mr. W. R. COLLETT showed from his own experience, that the infusion of capital did not always prevent the perpetration of crime in Ireland. He detailed cases. In connexion with one in which a number of ruffians with blackened faces intimated to a woman that her husband would be murdered so soon as he had recovered from injuries previously inflicted upon him by fire-arms, he said, that if he had been armed with this bill, he could have apprehended those marauders; but as the law now stood, they were enabled to walk off with impunity.

Captain FITZMAURICE contended that the commission of crime in Ireland was not general, but confined to the commanders of a few wretched factions. If those persons were either imprisoned or transported, there would be an end to the disturbances. He corroborated a statement made in the early part of the evening by Mr. Colquhoun, as to outrages recently committed on the estate of his brother, the Earl of Orkney.

Mr. E. B. ROCHE could not understand why this bill had been introduced; but he promised the House that in its present shape it should never pass. It was important that the Irish Members should be, during the next two or three months, on their properties in their own country, looking after the interests of their people; but if this bill should enter into Committee, they would return from Ireland, and prevent it from ever leaving it, until the British Parliament first passed measures of conciliation and justice towards that country. The House might rely upon it, that they would never settle the Irish question satisfactorily until they gave up the government of Ireland to the Irish.

Major BERESFORD reserved to himself the right of making any amendments upon the bill in its future stages.

Colonel SIBTHORPE would neither oppose nor support this bill. It was so weak, futile, and inoperative, that he could not give it his sanction. If they had brought in a bill with ten times as much coercion to Ireland, he would have gladly supported it.

Lord GEORGE BENTINCK seemed anxious to purge himself from the imputation of a compact with Mr. Smith O'Brien on the subject of the Corn-laws; and actually moved the adjournment of the House to enable him to disclaim the alleged compact.

The SPEAKER intimated that Lord George could not make such a motion, as he had already spoken in the debate. Upon which

Mr. PETER BORTHWICK lent his assistance, and made the motion in his own name. This enabled Lord George Bentinck to get on. He disclaimed the O'Brien alliance *in toto*. On receiving Mr. O'Brien's letter, he submitted it to his political friends; and the answer they instructed him to return was told in the hearing of the House. Nothing else took place between them.

The House then divided on the bill—

For the first reading	274
Against it	125

Majority..... 149

Sir ROBERT PEEL named the 25th of May for the second reading. Mr. O'CONNELL intimated that he should move as an amendment, the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the Irish landlord and tenant question.

Sir ROBERT PEEL also announced that he should proceed with the Committee on the Corn Bill on Monday.

Foreign Summary.

The news is not of great importance. Commercial and money affairs were on the whole improving. The Corn market was in a dull state, in consequence of the uncertainty, or lack of certainty, as to the course which would be adopted by Parliament in regard to the Corn Laws. The general opinion among intelligent men was, that Sir Robert Peel's measure would be adopted.

There is nothing new on the Oregon question. Little is said on the subject in the papers before us, and that little is favorable to an amicable adjustment on the basis of lat. 49.

Queen Victoria, on the receipt of the intelligence respecting the attempt to assassinate the King of the French, wrote a warm autograph letter to her ally, congratulating him on his escape, which was despatched by a special messenger to Paris.

Friendly International Addresses.—The Britannia, which sails to-day, takes out five Friendly International Addresses from different towns and cities in England to the same number of cities in the United States. The most remarkable of these addresses is the one from the women of Exeter to the women of Philadelphia, signed by sixteen hundred of our fair countrywomen.

Abraham Pacha arrived at Paris on Saturday. On Monday he was received by the King at the Tuilleries; on Tuesday a military review was got up for his amusement. It is reported that Ibrahim is accompanied by several Frenchmen who have embraced Mahometanism.

The Paris *Commerce* states that several pardons are to be granted on the approaching anniversary of the King. Among others, the sentence of Madame Lafarge is to be commuted to imprisonment for ten years, to be computed from the period of her arrest.

The journals are remarkably silent on the subject of the regicide Lecomte. All that is communicated is, that since his arrival at Paris he has undergone several examinations; and that, having refused to choose a lawyer for his defence, the Court of Peers had appointed *ex officio* M. Duvergier, the head of the Parisian bar, to act as his counsel.

A small granite pyramid is about to be erected on the spot where Lecomte fired at the King, as a memorial of his Majesty's escape from the hands of the assassin.

The Duke of Wellington yesterday attained the seventy-seventh year of his age.

The *Times* states that pensions of £5,000 a year to Viscount Hardinge

and Lord Gough will be the Ministerial proposal on Monday. It is also said that the East India Company are to display their accustomed liberality towards the same parties; the probability being that Viscount Hardinge will have a pension of £5,000 a year, and the Commander-in-chief one of £2,000; making from both sources £10,000 a year to the one, and £7,000 to the other.

The Queen's accouchment is expected to take place at Buckingham Palace about the middle of May.

Sir John Ross, the adventurous voyager, who lately became a bankrupt, has been reinstated in his office as consul at Stockholm.

A miser died recently in London, named Jacobs, in a horrid state of destitution, who was found after death to be possessed of property to the amount of £10,000.

General M'Laren died of his wounds at Ferozepore. The Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, Sir J. R. Lumley, died also at Ferozepore.

The commissioners of Customs have received a communication from the Foreign Office, stating that the Earl of Aberdeen is of opinion that Texas must henceforward be considered as forming part of the American Union.

An Immense Serpent.—Yesterday's *Bhaskar* gives the following regarding an enormous serpent captured at Seebore, across the water:—"A serpent was lying within a jungle, near the house of Baboo Ramruttun Molder, when a jackall, believing it dead, made an attack on the body of the monster, whereupon the latter turned round upon the jackall, and in a short while devoured half of its body. This was accidentally witnessed by a man who happened to be on a tree hard by, and who on that raised a cry and collected a number of villagers, by whom the serpent was captured. The monster measured fourteen cubits in length and two in circumference."—*Delhi Gazette*.

THE STEAMSHIP "GREAT BRITAIN."—This magnificent vessel, so worthy of the name she bears, sails on Saturday next, (9th) under the guidance of her able and popular commander, Captain Hosken. The recess has been employed in doing all that science, and skill, and capital can accomplish in the way of a more rapid propulsion. Last week the *Great Britain* made a preparatory trip in the Irish Channel, and measured strength with several first class steamers. Amongst them the *Sea King*, which has hitherto deserved her *Sobriquet*, by beating everything afloat. The leviathan steamer proved fully the *Sea King's* match.

The alterations which had been made in the screw have worked admirably; the number of her masts have been reduced to five—and the vessel will now, it is more than probable, prove as fast in speed as she is unequalled in space, and strength, and accommodation.

PARLIAMENT, Friday, April 24th, produced quite a scene in the House of Commons. Mr. Smith O'Brien (we quote from the *European Times*) had, it seems, been coquetting privately, by letter, with the Protectionist leader, Lord George Bentinck, as to the suspension of the Corn law for three months in favor of Ireland. On this evening he put the question, *via voce*, to Lord George, who seemed pleased at the tribute to the generosity of his party involved in the inquiry. He expressed his belief that the distress in Ireland had been artfully exaggerated, but if the suspension of the Corn-law for three months would relieve that distress, he would support it. This brought up Mr. Cobden, who reminded the House that there were other parties to be consulted in this arrangement—the people of England—on behalf of whom he prayed for the immediate passing of the Corn Bill now in abeyance. Mr. Cobden then, following out what he had stated in the early part of the session, declared that, in the event of a dissolution, the towns would return the majority of the House, and that an election would place, as it ought, the country party *hors de combat*.

Now came "the scene." The member for Stockport was followed by Mr. Disraeli, who declared that Sir Robert Peel had cheered that portion of Mr. Cobden's speech which alluded to the impending supremacy of the trading over the agricultural party. Sir Robert, starting to his legs hurriedly, declared the imputation to be "totally untrue." Fired at this peremptory denial, Mr. Disraeli stalked, and sat down with a declaration that when the Minister accused him of falsehood, he had nothing more to say. In this "pistols and coffee for two" state of the House, Colonel Peel, anxious to throw oil on the troubled waters, approached Mr. Disraeli; the latter waved his hand, intimating a dissent to receive any explanation, and the gallant colonel, provoked at the insult, left the house in high dudgeon. The excitement at this time had reached its climax, and a meeting at Chalk-farm was regarded as inevitable. To prevent such a catastrophe, several members rose to put questions, and to give explanations, amongst them the Premier himself, who satisfied Mr. Disraeli that he had not "given him the lie." Disarmed of all pretence for pugnaciousness, Benjamin, the younger, was obliged to apologise, and order prevailed once more. The friends of Colonel Peel and Mr. Disraeli (Captain Rous and Lord George Bentinck) communicated with each other, and satisfied their principals that the code of honour would be propitiated without an appeal to hair triggers and ten paces. Thus ended the fracas, which will long be memorable for the folly of the chief actor, and for the fever into which it threw, for a time, England's representatives.

On Tuesday, April 28, the popular branch of the Legislature was engaged in discussing what they should do with one of their refractory members—Mr. Smith O'Brien. That gentleman had been put on a committee to which a group of railway bills had been referred. But when the intimation was conveyed to him some time back, he stated, in a letter to the Chairman, that he would not serve; that his duty to Ireland was his first and only consideration, and that he did not consider himself bound to attend to any affairs unconnected with that country. Thus matters stood until Tuesday last, when the committee, on which Mr. O'Brien's name had been put, met for the first time. True to his declaration, he did not attend; and the Chairman of the Committee of Selection, Mr. Escourt, reported his absence to the House, and ended with a motion that he had been guilty of contempt. Mr. O'Brien was present during the early stage of the proceedings, and, declaring that he stood to his original intention, withdrew. A long debate ensued. Two divisions took place, the minority in the first only numbering 15, in the other 13. A majority of 120 declared Mr. O'Brien guilty of contempt.

On Thursday Mr. Smith O'Brien, still proving refractory, was taken into custody by the sergeant-at-arms. Last night Mr. O'Connell was to move for his liberation. At the meeting of the House, however, he announced that he should not proceed with that motion, at the peremptory request of Mr. O'Brien himself.

ARRIVAL OF THE OVERLAND MAIL OF APRIL 1.

Yesterday (May 4th) the Overland Mail of April the 1st came to hand.

It brings the gratifying intelligence of India being in a state of tranquillity. The *Delhi Gazette Extraordinary* contains several important documents connected with the treaty of peace between the Indian Company and the Maharajah of Lahore, which was signed at Lahore the 9th March. By Article 3. the Maharajah cedes to the Company all the territory comprised between the rivers Beas and Sutlej. By Art. 4. the Maharajah, finding it impossible to complete the payment of the indemnity agreed upon, cedes to the Company all the mountain territory comprised between the Beas and the Indus, inclosing the provinces of Cachmere Mazarah. By Art. 5 the indemnity to be paid by the Maharajah is settled at fifty lacs of rupees. In a word, the Company obtains by Art. 10 the right of passage across the territory of Lahore by the troops wherever required. By Art. 12 the Maharajah recognises Gholab Singh as independent sovereign of the territory which he at present possesses, and of whatever the Company shall choose to cede to him hereafter.

On the 16th of March a counter treaty was signed at Umritter, between the Company and the Maharajah Gholab Singh.

By Art. 1 the Company cedes to Gholab Singh the territory at the east of the Indus and west of the Rave.

Art. 3 stipulates the payment to the Company by Gholab Singh of £800,000.

By Art. 6 Gholab Singh engages to join all his troops to those of the Company in the operations which may take place within the limits of the Company's territory.

By Art. 10 Gholab Singh recognises the supremacy of England, in testimony of which he will pay annually to the English Government eleven goats and six Cachmere mules.

Sir Charles Napier, by a rapid march, reached Lahore on the 3d of March. He was received with every mark of distinction, and was about to return as Governor of Scinde.

The hot months had begun in India, and a famine was apprehended from the drought, the fall of rain during the last monsoon having been scanty.

The news from China only extends to the 27th of February, not later than that received by the previous mail.

The Dutch Government had declared its intention of conquering the fertile island of Ball, containing nearly two millions of inhabitants. The merchants of Singapore view this movement, it is said, with jealousy.

IMPORTANT FROM THE ARMY OF OCCUPATION.

The steamer *New York* arrived at New Orleans on the 10th inst. from Brasos St. Jago, which place she left at half-past 1 o'clock P.M. of the 5th. She brings intelligence that Gen. Taylor, on the evening of the 1st inst., made a sortie with the larger portion of his troops, for the purpose of opening a communication between his entrenchments and Point Isabel. On the morning of the 3d, the Mexicans, taking advantage of his absence, at daybreak opened a heavy cannonade on the entrenchments, which was gallantly returned by the U. S. troops, and in 30 minutes the enemy's batteries were silenced, several hundred Mexicans killed, and the city of Matamoras nearly destroyed.

Gen. Taylor reached Point Isabel on the morning of the 2nd, without having encountered a single Mexican.

Although the 700 or 800 men left in the American entrenchments opposite Matamoras beat off their numerous assailants on the 3d with great loss, while the Americans lost only one man (who was killed by the explosion of a bomb-shell) yet the Mexicans seem afterwards to have rallied, as heavy firing was heard at intervals, in the direction of Matamoras, down to the departure of the *New York* from Point Isabel on the afternoon of the 6th.

The number of Mexicans killed in the engagement of the 3d is variously estimated at from 200 to 700 and upwards. As the Mexicans made the attack, and might reasonably expect their fire would be returned, it is to be presumed they had previously sent all non-combatants out of the city; and consequently that all the Mexicans killed, belonged to the army. The American force was commanded by Maj. Ringgold, of the Artillery.

From the New Orleans Bulletin Extra.

By the arrival of the steamer *New York*, Captain Phillips, from Brasos St. Jago via Galveston, the report is fully confirmed of the Mexicans having thrown themselves in force between the American camps and Point Isabel. Captain Walker, of the Texan Rangers, who it will be remembered, gallantly offered to carry communications from Point Isabel to Gen. Taylor, succeeded in his desperate enterprise.

Gen. Taylor immediately on being made acquainted with the condition of affairs, departed with a part of his army to point Isabel, and accordingly on the evening of the 1st inst., left his intrenchments with from a thousand to twelve hundred men, cavalry, artillery, and infantry.

He arrived at Point Isabel on the morning of the 2d, without having encountered a single Mexican.—On the morning of the 3d, having heard the firing of artillery in the direction of Matamoras, Capt. Walker was again despatched immediately to ascertain the cause.

The brave man again succeeded in reaching the camp, and on his return on the 5th reported that the Mexicans finding Gen. Taylor absent from the camp, and his forces divided, took the opportunity to open their battery at Matamoras on the camp, and those on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, at the same time made an attack in the rear.

The four gun battery in our camp was immediately opened upon Matamoras. The Mexican battery was silenced in thirty minutes, a number of the houses in Matamoras destroyed, and the enemy on the American side of the river compelled to return.

But one American was killed, and none wounded. What number of the enemy was killed or wounded, is not known to any degree of certainty. It is reported that as many as 700 were killed, and that a sufficient number of houses was not left standing in Matamoras to afford shelter to the wounded.

The ultimate result has yet to be known, however, as the firing was continued at intervals up to the time of the departure of the *New York* from Brasos, on the 6th, about 1 P.M.

Gen. Taylor was preparing to return on that day with supplies. He expected to be attacked on his march, and was fully prepared to meet the enemy. It was supposed that he would take with him the regulars sent down by the *New York*, all of whom were landed in safety on the morning of the 6th.

As to the number of Mexicans on either side of the Rio Grande, it is still, in a great measure, matter of conjecture. Those on this side of the Rio Grande have already been estimated at 3000, and it is not probable that they would cross with a much smaller force. They are now estimated at 5000. The number on both sides of the river are estimated by none at less than 10,000, and by many it is believed to be as high as 15,000 or 20,000.

Santiago and Point Isabel are under martial law, and every man capable, is required to bear arms.

We regret to hear that but little has been done in the way of volunteering in Texas.

In fact we do not hear of any measures having been taken to comply with the requisition of Gen. Taylor.

We understand that Col. Hays, of the Rangers, immediately on hearing of Gen. Taylor's position, marched to his relief with 400 men, determined to force his way through the Mexican lines.

Gen. Taylor, after his arrival at Point Isabel, dispatched the schooner Alert, under the command of Lieut. Frank Renshaw, of the United States brig Lawrence, to Vera Cruz, it is believed with orders to the American squadron, to blockade the Mexican ports.

In the skirmish which Capt. Walker had with the Mexicans, previous to the departure of the Ellen Clara, it is known that not even the remainder have returned into camp safe.

The bodies of five of them have been found, but owing to the shocking manner in which the Mexicans had mutilated them, Capt. Walker recognised but two, McClister and Radcliff.

The U. S. schooner Flirt was to leave the Brazos in a day or two with dispatches for New Orleans.—The U. S. brig Lawrence was still at the mouth of the Rio Grande, enforcing the blockade. All well on board both vessels. Steamer Monmouth left on the evening of the 5th, bound to Aransas, for the purpose of bringing every man capable of doing military duty, to the camp of Santiago.

The commander of the U. S. schooner Flirt having observed a small encampment of Mexicans on the island at the mouth of the Brazos Santiago, and knowing the great danger of the point at the entrance of the harbour being in the possession of the Mexicans, landed with his men and dispersed the camp. The reader will recollect that the utmost fear was felt that the Mexicans might fortify a position here which would command the approach to Point Isabel.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Correspondence of the N. O. Picayune.

POINT ISABEL, May 5, 1846.

Gentlemen:—When the express came in this morning, I hurriedly penciled down the gratifying intelligence which it brought us, expecting the boat would leave in a few minutes. It now only waits for Gen. Taylor's official despatch, which is being prepared for Washington. Having heard the official report from Major Brown read, and having a letter before me from there, I will give you further particulars accordingly.

On the morning of the 3d, at reveille, the Mexicans opened their batteries upon the work, throwing balls and shells without intermission until sunset, finishing with half a dozen extra ones at tattoo for a lullaby.

At reveille, on the 4th, they opened again, sending a few shots and shells, which compliment was repeated at noon. Our artillery silenced the fort opposite ours in half an hour after the firing commenced on the 3d, and knocked three embrasures into one. This caused them to stop firing there for a considerable time, to repair damages.

Our artillery also dismounted many of their guns, and from appearances must have killed many men. On our part, but one sergeant, of the 7th infantry, was killed—being shot in the head with a 3 lb. ball. He was carried to the hospital, when, strange to say, a shell fell and blew the remainder of his head off. Some twenty men were standing round the hospital when the shell burst; several were knocked down, but none injured. One artillery soldier was slightly wounded by a piece of a shell, and many have made narrow escapes.

We only kept up our fire for about two hours—saving our ammunition whilst theirs was being thrown away. From their having thrown from 1500 to 2000 shots and shells, and killing but one of our men and wounding another, you may judge they are none of the best artillerymen, and that we had good defences. Their shots rendered a good many of our tents unserviceable, but all our men are in good spirits and anxious to come to close quarters.

Our piquet guard is now firing at a party of Mexican soldiers, about a mile below the fort. The Chaparral between this and the fort is like a bee-hive, so full is it with Mexicans. It is thought they will make an assault on the rear of the fort, and try and repel the march of the troops from this place returning. Gen. T. leaves as soon as a reinforcement arrives here, which will enable the work to be defended without the force which he brought down from above.

In haste, yours, S. S. F.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

By way of Havana we have been favoured with the following extract of a letter from the Mexican capital, dated

MEXICO, April 29, 1846.

According to a new manifesto, published by the President a few days ago, and in consequence of the last accounts from Matamoras, by which the Commander of the Mexican army had given notice to Gen. Taylor to retire within twenty-four hours beyond the Nueces, it is now believed here that actual hostilities have commenced. It is said that positive orders have been given to Gen. Arista to attack the Americans; and although this may prove to be a difficult task on account of the strong position of the Americans and the difficulty of crossing the river, still the attempt will very likely be made. However, it is generally believed here, that it will only be done for the honour of the country, and to get better terms in a negotiation for peace. Should a battle have been fought and blood shed, it is of course difficult to say how the matter will end. It is expected here, that as soon as hostilities have actually commenced, the U. S. Government will give orders for an attack upon Vera Cruz, and declare the coast in a state of blockade.

The Express contains a more extended outline of President Paredes's Proclamation, as follows:

"The old injuries, and the offences which have been repeated ever since 1836 by the government of the United States against the Mexican people, have been consummated by the act of sending a Minister, to be accredited near our Government, with the character of resident, as if the relations between the two republics had not been altered by the act of incorporating Texas. At the same time, when Mr. Slidell presented himself, the troops of the United States occupied our territory, their squadrons threatened our ports, and preparations were made for occupying the Californias, of which the question of Oregon is only a preliminary; and I did not admit Mr. Slidell because the dignity of the nation repelled the new insult.

"In the meantime, the army of the United States was cantoned at Corpus Christi, and occupied the island of Padre Vayin; afterwards marched towards St. Isabel, and the flag of the stars waved on the left bank of the Rio Bravo del

Norte, opposite the city of Matamoras, after taking possession of the river with their ships of war. The town of Laredo was surprised by a party of their troops, and a picket of ours, on the watch, was disarmed. Hostilities, then, have been commenced by the U. S. of America, in making new conquests upon our territories within the boundaries of the departments of Tamaulipas and New Leon; and also by the advance of troops upon Monterey in Upper California."

[After these expressions, he attributes the responsibility of a war between the two nations to the Americans; and, much more, when they had intimated to the troops of the United States that they must recede to the other side of the Nueces, the ancient boundary of Texas, it was rejected. The President afterwards solemnly declares that he does "not decree war; for it belongs to the Congress, and not to the Executive, to resolve definitely upon the repatriation which the conduct of the Americans demands."]

"But the defence of the Mexican territory, he continues, which the troops of the United States invade, is an urgent necessity, and my responsibility will be immense before the nation, if I do not command the repelling of the force that invades it as enemies; and I have commanded it. From this day will commence DEFENSIVE WAR, and all points of our territory that shall be invaded or attacked will be defended with all our strength."

The same paper contains the following official letter from Gen. Taylor to Gen. Ampudia:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION—Camp on the left bank of the Rio Grande, near Matamoras, March 28, 1846.

"SIR: I have the honor to receive the communication of the 23d inst., brought me on my march on the frontier on the 24th. I regret that circumstances prevented me from answering it at that time, and take advantage of this first favorable opportunity to give to your protest against my occupation of the Rio Grande a reply corresponding with its importance, and with the respect due to the authority from which it emanates. I think it cannot be unnecessary to inform you that the international question which leads to the advance of the American army to the Rio Grande is wholly pending between our two governments, and I am not at liberty to discuss it. I have moved from Corpus Christi in conformity with instructions from my government, to occupy the left bank of the Rio Grande pending the final settlement of the question of boundaries between the two republics. If that settlement shall require a line east of it, I shall of course retire to the new line.

"Acting, then, under instructions so explicit, I am only at liberty to determine how they shall be executed. I have therefore repeatedly given such assurances to citizens who have addressed me at Corpus Christi, and re-affirmed them in orders given to my troops, copies of which have been sent to Matamoras, that the rights of persons and property will be carefully protected, and, above all, that the people will be secured in their religious privileges. I repeat that all Mexicans peacefully pursuing their occupations will be protected in their private rights, and that all provisions taken will be paid for at current prices.

"Although I hoped that the troops under my command would have received no act of hostility on the part of the Mexicans, and I greatly regret the attempt made to destroy the little town of Fronzon. Desirous of cultivating the most amicable relations with this people, and a desire participated in by the President of the United States, permit me to indulge the hope that a friendly understanding may exist between us.

"I avail myself of the opportunity to offer you assurance of the estimation and consideration with which I have the honor to be.

Your ob't servant,

Z. TAYLOR,

General of Brigade, Com'r of the Army of the U. S.

SEÑOR DON JESUS CARDENAS, Prefect of the north of Tamaulipas.—Matamoras."

On the 23d April, the British consul asked of Gen. Ampudia a safe conduct to the American camp, to see Gen. Taylor, for the purpose of preventing injuries to which British subjects were exposed. Gen. Ampudia refused, on the ground that he was not authorized, but gave permission for a correspondence in writing, offering to send the note to its destination.

Requisition for more Troops.—We learn from Headquarters (says the N. O. Delta) that Major-General Gaines, commanding the Western Division of the U. S. A., has made a requisition upon the Governors of the following States for additional troops, to proceed as soon as ready to the Rio Grande, viz:—

Tennessee to furnish 4 Regiments, of 600 men each	2,400
Kentucky the same	2,400
Missouri two Regiments	1,200
Mississippi two Regiments	1,200
Alabama two Regiments	1,200

Total amount of men 8,400

The above are all to be Infantry and Riflemen.

And one Regiment to comprise 1000 mounted gun men, to be raised in Louisiana, under command of Col. Lafayette Saunders, an "old veteran," who was with Gen. Carroll during the last war, and performed most valuable services, add to the above

1,000

Total of requisition 9,400

New Orleans, May 11.—Since our last publication the Telegraph and James L. Day have left with troops for Brasos Santiago. The Galveston got off on Saturday night, before midnight; the Telegraph followed the next morning; and the James L. Day left at about two o'clock this morning. Upon these boats the several companies of the Washington Regiment, under Col. J. B. Walton, and one company of Col. Marks' "Jackson Regiment" have taken passage for Brasos Santiago. This latter Regiment was organized by the election of the Hon. S. F. Marks, as Colonel; T. G. Hunt, Esq., Lieutenant-Colonel, and Major Fowler, late of the army, as Major of the Regiment.

The Galveston carried Col. Wilson, U.S.A., and 240 regulars, the Greys, Capt. Breedlove, Capt. I. F. Stockton and company, Capt. Glenn and company. She left under a military salute.—Picayune.

The Legion Volunteer.—We learned with infinite satisfaction on Sunday evening, that the Louisiana Legion had that day volunteered its services almost in a body for service in the war on the Rio Grande. Gen. Taylor will now have under his command as finely disciplined a brigade of citizen soldiery as any in the world. Honour to the Legion for its gallantry and devotion!—Picayune.

A company of 60 rank and file has volunteered at Natchez, composed of the elite of the city and Adams county. The counties of Wilkenson and Amite are organizing a large corps, which will be composed of two or three companies, horse and foot, for the same destination. The counties of Hinds, Madison, Warren and others, are actively in the field.—N. O. Tropic, May 11.

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More Troops Ready.—Yesterday, Lieut. Beauregard, U.S.A., and General Rowley, Adjutant and Inspector-General of the State, mustered six more companies of volunteers into the service of the United States, at the Barracks. They will be paid to-day, and equipped as speedily as possible. When ready, they will be added to the "Andrew Jackson Regiment," of which Col. Marks has been elected its Commander, these companies comprise 450 men.—Delta.

VOLUNTEERS.—The following is the enrolment of troops ordered by the Executive in the several States, and mustering eighty-six regiments and a half. At the average of five hundred men in a regiment, this will give you the number of 43,250. If the companies are full, the force will be equal to, and beyond, the fifty thousand men ordered by Congress :—

ENROLMENT.	
New Hampshire	2
Massachusetts	3
Maine	3
Vermont	2
Connecticut	2
Rhode Island	1
New York	8
New Jersey	2
Pennsylvania	6
Maryland	1
Delaware	1
Virginia	5
North Carolina	3
South Carolina	2
Georgia	3
Alabama	3
Mississippi	2
Arkansas	2
Missouri	2
Illinois	3
Indiana	4
Kentucky	4
Ohio	6
Michigan	2
Wisconsin	1
Iowa	1
Florida	1
Louisiana	2
Texas	4
Tennessee	4
Dist. of Columbia	1 battalion,
	85 regiments.
	500 men each.
	43,000
	250 half regiment.
	43,250

MARRIED.—On the 19th inst., by the Rev. I. S. Demund, Mr. H. H. GUNTER to ADELIN C. MOULD, daughter of Charles Mould, both of this City.

At Troy, on the 18th inst., by the Rev. G. C. Baldwin, ERENEZER CLARKE, of this city, to LAURA E., daughter of the late Leonard Meyers, Esq., of Nassau, Rensselaer Co.

On the 20th inst., at Pelham, West Chester County, by the Rev. Robt. Bolton, Dr. ALEX. T. WATSON of this city, to HELEN SHELTON, daughter of the late Elisha W. King.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 9½ a — per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1846.

Our files of English papers and periodicals received by the *Britannia*, are to the 4th inst. from London and 5th from Liverpool.

The intelligence by this arrival is of trifling import; the Irish Coercion Bill had passed the House of Commons, thus paving the way for the success of that founded on principles of Free trade; the delay in determining which is paralyzing to a considerable extent mercantile enterprise and speculation. The effects of famine continue to be felt in Ireland, arising it would appear, not so much from a scarcity of food as the poverty of the people. The subject had been alluded to in the House of Commons by Mr. O'Brien, who, while he is opposed to the Free trade principles of which Sir R. Peel is the advocate, enquired whether the ports of Ireland might not be thrown open for three months; which was met by a positive negative on the part of the Right Hon. Baronet.

Large importations of provision were daily being made into England, chiefly from this country; and the monetary affairs of Great Britain had decidedly improved, as money could be procured from parties of known standing, at from 3 1-2 to 4 per cent. on mercantile Bills. Consols for money left off May 4, 96 3-8 to 5-8; for the account 96 1-2 to 3-4; and the market had been rendered more firm, by the large majority in the House of Commons, in favor of the Irish Coercion Bill; which was carried by a vote of 244 to 125—majority 149. The Cotton market continued in an improved state; but the Canadian timber trade has been seriously affected, by a dispute which has arisen between the masters and operative builders. Sugar, the produce of New Grenada and Siam, is hereafter to be admitted into England as free labour produce.

With reference to American affairs there is at present little to notice in the English papers; the public mind appearing to be settled down upon the 49th degree of latitude, as the basis of farther negotiation on the Oregon question; which will probably be recommenced simultaneously with the notice to terminate the joint occupancy, which it is understood has been transmitted by the Executive of the United States; and which if conducted on both sides in a spirit of fairness and cordiality, must result in the mutual benefit of the two great nations, so deeply interested in the speedy and satisfactory adjustment of the only question, about which they can agree to differ; the beneficial effects of which would not be limited to those powers more immediately interested; but must indirectly extend their healing influence to our relations with Mexico, which are at present aggravated by the calamities of war.

From France there is nothing that indicates any disturbance of the public tranquillity, since the attempt on the life of the King; of which we had an account by the last steamer. The French journals are silent, however, as to the fate of Lecomte the actor in that affair; and all that can be collected with reference to the proceedings against him is, that having refused to choose Counsel for his defence, the Court of Peers had appointed M. Dugervier, the head of the Parisian bar, to act as such.

The Galician insurrectionary movement in Spain, continued to create alarm at Madrid; but the unhappy condition of that country, which renders it the scene of continual feuds and partial revolutions, ceases to command that atten-

tion, to which it would be otherwise entitled; and can have little effect upon the general tranquillity or welfare of Europe, although occasionally productive of partial inconvenience; as in the present instance, when Vigo and the coast of Galicia, from the estuary of the river Ricardo as far as the Guardo, is declared to be in a state of blockade.

The northern provinces of Portugal, were in a disturbed state at the date of the last accounts, the movement having commenced in the Province of Minho; troops had been sent from Oporto, and martial law proclaimed. The cause of the rising is attributed to an attempt to enforce an oppressive law in the agricultural districts, by which a medical officer is empowered to demand a fee of about ten shillings sterling, for affixing his name to a certificate. One of the first tumults was caused by the refusal of the authorities to permit the burial of a poor peasant, until such certificate had been obtained; when the women of the district rose *en masse*, and several females and children are stated to have been killed. It does not appear what is the object of granting such certificate, but probably it is connected with a decree of the Roman Catholic Church, which was not long since promulgated, prohibiting medical men in its dominions from attending persons who neglected to communicate as members.

The overland mail from India bringing dates to the 1st April, arrived immediately subsequent to the sailing of the *Cambria* on the 19th ult. By these it appears that peace had been definitively restored in the Punjab, and that arrangements were making for the occupation of the conquered country, the British cantonments being established in the neighbourhood of Lahore. By the treaty of peace the territory between the rivers Beas and Sutlej are ceded to the East India Company, including the Provinces of Cashmere and Maharajah; and the right of passage across the territory of Lahore wherever required, is also ceded by the Maharajah; who pays an indemnity that is settled at fifty lacks of rupees. Sir Charles Napier reached Lahore on the 3d March; but there being no occasion for the services of the forces under his command, he was about to return to the government of Scinde.

The steamship *Great Britain* was to sail on the 9th inst., commanded as here before by Capt. Hosken; the alterations in her screw propeller have been found to work admirably, and her number of masts are reduced to five.

In our news-columns will be found so much of the proceedings at the seat of war between the United States and Mexico as have thus far come to hand. They give sufficient assurance that General Taylor not only was, but likely to continue safe; for although there were difficulties in prospect for him on his way back from Point Isabel, they will have been in a great measure swept out of his path, by the rapid advances of American volunteers and by the dejection consequent upon defeat on the part of the Mexicans.

It may be presumed that the war will be of no long continuance, and that the spirit so strongly manifested in all parts of the Union will scarcely be called into action save in those parts which are in the vicinity of Texas. Mr. Thompson, on whose book concerning Mexico we have made a few remarks elsewhere, has made it manifest that she cannot be a formidable enemy to a brave people; neither the physique nor the morale of the Mexicans will allow them to be compared with the Saxon race, and the free institutions of the latter would render such a comparison still less advantageous to the former. It is to be supposed, therefore, that ere long a Minister from Mexico will be sent to solicit terms of arrangement, to which a short time ago she would not listen; we hope and trust that in such a case greatness will continue as usual to be attended by magnanimity.

On Thursday last the magnificent church of Trinity, built upon the site of the old church by the same dedication, was consecrated by the Right Reverend Bishop McCoskry; the day was a remarkably fine one, and the congregation of persons to witness the impressive ceremony was an intensely thronged one.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

FIRST GRAND FIELD DAY OF THE SEASON, OF ST. GEORGE'S Cricket Club of New York.

On Monday last the Cricketers of St George's Club of New York assembled on their New Ground, for the purpose of playing a Match of two Elevens among themselves, and such was the earnestness among them for a good day's sport that the whole twenty-two, umpires, markers, and all, were upon the ground as it were simultaneously, and sides were chosen without delay; but notwithstanding the promising appearances of the early part of the day two interruptions of thunder-storms occurred, the former lasting from three till nearly four o'clock, and the latter which took place at near five o'clock was both so furious and so continuous that no more play took place. The few hours, however, in which the game was carried on exhibited several fine displays of Cricketing skill both in batting and fielding, and the St. George's Club may consider itself able to furnish a sturdy if not a formidable Eleven to friendly opponents in the manly exercise.

Play was begun at 11:45 and the first innings of the first party were played out without interruption from any cause, except that of breaking off for a short time to partake of the collation provided. The veteran president was in fine play, and there is no saying how long he might have maintained his bat—having got good "sight" of the ball—if he had not retired to the luncheon. He had scored 34 before the recess, one of which was a fine 4—the only one that has yet been struck out of the Cricket-ground. But, as is generally the case, his sight of the ball was gone on his return, he made but three more to his score and was then bowled out by Winckworth. Groom and Nichols were likewise in good batting order, and the fielding on the other side was admirable, better indeed than that of their antagonists at the following innings.

Of course we cannot give satisfactory details of a broken, interrupted, and unfinished game, but the following score will shew how matters went in general. Ere long, doubtless, we shall have to enlarge upon a good match—played out.

Groom, b. Winckworth	10	Winckworth, not out	25
Bage, b. Winckworth	0	R. Waller, b. Wright	23
Wright, b. Winckworth	0	Wheatcroft, not out	5
Tinson, b. Winckworth	37	Bates	
Garrin, c. Bates, b. Bates	7	Wild	
Eyre, b. Wild	3	Vinten	
Downing, b. Wild	0	Brind	
Nichols, b. Winckworth	10	Winterbottom	} not in
Crooker, b. Bates	0	Pigott	
Skippon, not out	1	Reynolds	
Edwards, b. Winckworth	0	Stothart	
Byes	2	Byes	5
Wide Balls, R. Waller	2	Wide Balls, Groom	2
No Balls, Wild	1	No Balls, Tinson 1, Edwards 2	3
Total	73	Total	63

Play stopped at 4:50.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

FESTIVAL CONCERT AT THE CASTLE GARDEN.

This splendid affair came off on Wednesday evening last, and there was an audience of at least three thousand persons of taste and fashion, to witness a musical performance by at least a tenth of that number. The Orchestra was ingeniously constructed immediately under the Cupola and connected back to the hotel so as to give ample space to all who assisted at the Concert, and thus throwing the sound well into the Saloon, and giving full effect to the Music. The arrangements were excellent, and it could hardly be said that there was a bad or inconvenient seat in the place. The gem of the Concert was "Beethoven's Symphony in D minor, No. 9, Op. 125, for Grand Orchestra, closing with four Solo voices and grand chorus on Schiller's 'Ode to Joy,' " which was performed for the first time in America; we shall therefore invert the order of proceedings so far as to notice the second part of the concert first, consisting of this Symphony and its vocal additions only.

This singular and masterly composition did not make all the impression which it might and ought to have made. The fable unknown, the complexity of its harmonies, and its great length, fatigued the audience ere the piece had proceeded to the fulness of the song, so to speak; and we regretted to find many retire who, if they had possessed more patience, would have been amply rewarded for it. The great obstacle to a true enjoyment of this magnificent work is ignorance of the plot, and as a mixed audience is generally much more engaged in listening to sounds than in unravelling the subject, there were many things apparently tedious which were in fact remarkably and even wonderfully artistical. It must be admitted that musical knowledge and taste in this country are yet considerably behind those of the older nations, and therefore it would have been well if the programme had contained, as is sometimes the case, a brief account of the fable and progress of the piece. We have never read any description of it, but, from the celebrity which it has obtained in the musical circles of Europe, we bent our faculties and our imagination to the task of apprehending its meaning; and although we may possibly have wandered far out of the road of correctness we shall hazard such an idea of it as struck ourselves.

The music opens with low murmuring, or rather buzzing sounds, somewhat like those of Felicien David's opening of "The Desert," but the minor mode prevailing as if to express melancholy, sorrow, dejection of spirits; one attempt is made to break out into musical expression, it fails, the lugubrious sounds prevail again, after which a second attempt at a melody: by degrees the monotonous sounds are dispelled, and the orchestral effect is that of a waking up to more determined purpose. Thus far may be considered the first movement. Next comes a singular composition commencing with a *schërzo* movement, but the effect is as if there was a commotion and confusion of opinion among a multitude; after a while a snatch of a musical *motif* is recognised among the basses, it is immediately taken up by the tenors, next by the violins, then by the wind instruments, all wrought up in fugue, and mingled so that it is difficult for the ear to follow, yet delightful to pursue; the *schërzo* is taken up again, and broken at intervals as this goes on, and the audience receive the idea that a grand subject is about to be taken up, the pizzicati in different parts the orchestra most fancifully giving a notion that instruments are being tuned, yet that very tuning being a skilful harmony of the movement now in operation. This is one of the most remarkable specimens of composition we ever remember to have heard, it was a puzzle to the ear, an exercise of the judgment, and a gratification that can be felt but not expressed. Now come on the grand and main subject. The *motif* of the vocal part was taken up, in fugue, by the orchestra, beginning with the basses as before, and it formed a canon of four parts and full orchestral coda of exceeding beauty; in the midst of which a barytone voice broke in with a recitative, exhorting all to cease their mournful tones and join in happier strains. And now the voices of Madame Otto, (Soprano,) Miss Korinsky, (Alto,) Mr. Munson, (Tenor,) and Mr. Mayer, (Bass,) sang the "Song of Joy," being joined at proper intervals by an immense and very effective vocal chorus, and a capital orchestral strength. This part was indeed sublime, and the early seceders from the concert room lost a treat such as they may not recover for many a day.

We ask the indulgence of our readers and of the initiated in the musical world, if we have mistaken the genius of this extraordinary composition, but we have preferred this kind of description to that of merely indulging in mere exclamations of admiration and delight. But we ought not to withhold the tri-

bute of unqualified praise to Mr. Geo. Loder for the manner in which the work has been got up, and for his steady and firm manner of conducting so difficult a performance. The orchestral performance was exceedingly good from end to end of this symphony, and yet there were points to be taken up which were sufficient to puzzle good musical readers; on this last head we cannot speak too strongly in praise of Mr. Boucher (Violoncello), and Mr. Wood (Double Drum). In short we are even yet, so wrapt in wonderment concerning this composition and its performance that it seems to us like a *misfortune* that we have not the probable hope of hearing it again for, may be, more than a year.

This remarkable composition of Beethoven was written by him for the Philharmonic Society of London, but it was performed for the first time on the 7th May, 1824, upon the occasion of a public compliment paid the illustrious master in Vienna, and such was the effect on the *cognoscenti* of that city, that he was intreated to preside at a repetition of it shortly afterwards—being indeed his last appearance in public. We are tempted here to quote a passage from Hogarth's Musical History, which we consider to be quite apposite to the composition now alluded to:—

"The music of Beethoven is stamped with the peculiarities of the man. When slow and tranquil in its movements, it has not the placid composure of Haydn, or the sustained tenderness of Mozart; but it is grave, and full of deep and melancholy thought. When rapid, it is not brisk or lively, but agitated and changeable—full of 'sweet and bitter fancies'—of storm and sunshine—of bursts of passion sinking into the subdued accents of grief, or relieved by transient gleams of hope or joy. There are movements, indeed, to which he gives the designation of *schërzo*, or playful; but this playfulness is as unlike as possible to the constitutional jocularity to which Haydn loved to give vent in the *finales* of his symphonies and quartets. If, in a movement of this kind, Beethoven sets out in a tone of gaiety, his mood changes involuntarily—the smile fades away, as it were, from his features—and he falls into a train of sombre ideas, from which he ever and anon recovers himself, as if with an effort, and from a recollection of the nature of his subject. The rapid *schërzos*, which he has substituted for the older form of the minuet, are wild, impetuous, and fantastic; they have often the air of that violent and fitful vivacity to which gloomy natures are liable; their mirth may be compared to that of the bacchanalian effusions of the doomed Caspar. They contain, however, many of Beethoven's most original and beautiful conceptions; and are strikingly illustrative of the character of his mind.

"The works composed by Beethoven in the latter years of his life are not so generally known or relished as his earlier productions. These earlier compositions are clear in design, and so broad and simple in their effects, that when they receive justice from the performers, they at once strike every one who is susceptible of the influence of music. In his more recent works, his meaning is obscure, and in many instances, incomprehensible. He has cast away all established models, and not only thrown his movements into new and unprecedented forms, but has introduced the same degree of novelty into all their details. The phrases of his melody are new; his harmonies are new; his disposition of parts is new; and his sudden changes of time, of measure, and of key, are frequently not explicable on any received principles of the art."

The first part of this Concert was ably conducted by Mr. U. C. Hill, who like his colleague Mr. Loder, is indefatigable in his endeavours to promote the cultivation of good music in this country. He gave the time finely in the opening movement of the overture to "Der Freyschutz" and made a most effective thing of it. We do not think the band played either the overture to the "Zauberflöte" or the "Jubilee overture" well, they were unsteady, and want of precision is fatal to effect in pieces like these. Miss Julia Northall sang sweetly true, but she was in such a trepidation that her voice was tremulous, and her volume was diminished. Madame Otto surpassed herself, we never heard to so great advantage as to either volume or compass; and Madame Pico, who was in delightful voice, was encored in her only song.

We said that the Gem of the evening was the Beethoven composition, but must qualify that expression, for there was a Concerto in G. minor for the Piano-forte, composed by Mendelssohn, and performed by Mr. Timm, which well deserved the approbation with which it was received. We know not any artist who is less indebted to "clap-trap" than Mr. Timm. He is steady, fine, accurate, and delicate: his hearers always understand him, and the nicety of his touch, as well as the taste of his reading makes him always truly embellish the author whose work he is expounding. It is truly a treat to listen to his performances of the best German masters. Nor must we omit to mention the magnificent instrument on which he played; it was a horizontal grand piano-forte, manufactured by Mr. James Pirsson, and we actually had fears that in a saloon capable of holding an audience of 10,000 persons, its sounds would be lost. No such thing, the tones were clear, equal, and round, and the maker deserves great commendation for turning such an instrument forth from his manufactory.

On the whole we are well pleased to believe that a substantial nucleus was formed on Wednesday evening of the fund necessary for carrying into effect the noble purpose which the Philharmonic Society of this city have in view for the promotion of Musical Science.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—This has been a week entirely devoted to benefits, and as on such occasions there are rarely novelties of a kind deserving of permanent notice, our business with this theatre has not been of an arduous nature. Mr. Geo. Vandenhoff on Monday, Mrs. Bland on Tuesday, Mr. Bass on Wednesday, Mr. Barrett on Thursday, Mr. Dyott last night, and Mr. Andrews to-night fill up a period which we sincerely hope has been substantially useful to the artists who have been candidates for public patronage. Of one thing we are very sure,—that all these have well deserved general encouragement and support.

BOWERY THEATRE.—A new Star has appeared above this horizon; juvenile, fair, and interesting, Miss Julia Dean—for that is the name of the new attraction—is filling the house every night with her performances in genteel Comedy,

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—The very clever farce of "Lend me Five Shillings" is decidedly in high favour at this house, but we must express some objection to Mr. Holland's style of playing Mr. Golightly;—it is too broad, too supremely ridiculous, and mars the real comedy of the character, the incidents in which have sufficient of the ludicrously distressing, without superadding the vulgar deportment which he assumes. The Golightly is a common-place sort of a man in the middle rank of society, but cannot be a completely ridiculous fool, else he would not obtain the regard of the shrewd widow Phobbs. Mr. Holland must subdue this: no one knows better than he how to act a part with propriety.

But how, in the name of Momus, did Mr. Mitchell, himself a genuine son of the laughing god, permit himself to bring forward a piece "expressly written for this theatre," and called "Taming a Tartar?" He must know that it is neither more nor less than "The Devil to pay" with only all the humour drawn out of it and remaining a mere "caput mortuum." He cannot have read the MS. nor have seen a rehearsal, for as he has doubtless been himself a capital Jobson he would have perceived so barren a counterfeit of one of the very best stock farces extant. And what have we got in exchange for the abstraction of the high-flavoured humour of the old work? Why surely an admixture of doggerel and slang which we presume are to entitle the piece to the character of a "peculiar extravaganza." It is true that broad farce may be travestied, but this "Taming a Tartar" is safe, it has reached the "ne plus ultra" of folly.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—The Ravens will commence an engagement at this favorite place on Monday, June 1st, and in addition to them Mdlle. Blangy and Mons. Henri, both from Paris, will appear as new candidates for salutory honours, and the Concerts a la Musard will be continued.

Literary Notices.

THE PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—The Harpers have issued No. I. of the magnificent Pictorial History of Great Britain, originally prepared under the direction of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and published by Knight of London in six huge octavo volumes. Of the work itself nothing need be said, as it is universally conceded to be on the whole the best History of England ever written. Its distinguishing merit is, that it gives not simply a history of the civil and military transactions of the government, though this is fully and fairly presented, but also a history of the Religion, the Laws, the Literature, the Industry and the Arts of the entire nation,—of the people as well as the rulers. This is a novel and most desirable feature of the work:—and it is executed with consummate skill and the most perfect freedom from all injurious prejudice.

The Harpers are presenting a *fac-simile* of the English Edition. All the Engravings, which will number more than a thousand, are copied, and in a style much superior to that of the original. The pages are of the largest octavo size, printed in double columns and upon type remarkably clear and distinct, and the entire appearance of the work is that of great elegance. It is to be completed in about forty numbers,—forming four very large octavo volumes, very splendidly printed, and illustrated in a magnificent manner. The numbers are to be sold at 25 cents each, and will be issued weekly. The publication is one of the most important of the Season, and cannot fail to be received with very marked favor by the great body of the reading community.

BOARDING OUT, A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.—New York: Harpers.—This is a very attractive minor tale of domestic life, descriptive of the plagues and pleasures of "Boarding Out." We commend it to the perusal of our readers as well deserving their notice.

THE ILLUSTRATED WANDERING JEW.—No. 12.—New York: Harpers.—These enterprising publishers have resumed the serial issue of this beautiful publication: the delay, however, is amply compensated by the splendid embellishments which the present number contains. We commend this elegant work to all who have any appreciation of art.

FIRST LESSONS IN ENGLISH GRAMMAR AND COMPOSITION.—By Elizabeth Oram.—New York: Paine & Burgess.—There is much in this compilation deserving of warm praise, as a work of elementary instruction it is well planned, it is simple, sufficiently varied, copious in examples, and well adapted for its very popular object. But it contains one—in our opinion great—fault, the fault so prevalent in American typography; its syllabic divisions are erroneous in almost innumerable instances. We hold it that these divisions should not be made in conformity to utterance only, but as much as possible in accordance with the elements of the polysyllabic words. Language is but too mutable, even with the greatest care, much more so when the radices of compounds are merged in each other and lost in the rapid utterance of familiar conversation. Were it not for this fault we should admire this book, but we must condemn where we so strongly disapprove.

HAMLET.—By William Shakespeare.—New York: Wm. Taylor & Co.—The copy before us is of the present stage edition as prepared by the late John Kemble, and forms a portion of the series called "The Modern Standard Drama," edited by Epes Sargent. The introduction to this play, written by Mr. Sargent, contains much interesting observation.

THE CONDITIONS OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.—By Robert Chambers.—New York: Wm. Taylor & Co.—This little manual is taken from the numerous clever and popular dissertations of one who has well approved himself a "friend of the people." It is practical throughout, and the observance of its precepts is well worthy of every person's care.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, for June 1846.—New York: William Taylor & Co.—We have always had much pleasure in noticing this agreeable

miscellany, for the articles are both good and agreeably diversified; moreover the embellishments are well executed. In the present number they consist of four engravings on steel besides many wood-cuts.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND THE COLLATERAL SCIENCES.—Edited by Dr. Charles A. Lee.—New York: J. & H. G. Langley.—The number before us completes the sixth volume of this valuable journal, which may now be considered as a standard work. Of its professional reputation a judgment may be formed by those who have not yet seen it, from the circumstance that it exchanges with no fewer than twenty-three European and American publications of the highest distinction in the same department of Literature.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.—By W. H. Ainsworth.—New York: W. H. Graham.—We had occasion to allude to this work in a different edition. It is from the pen of one who is well acquainted with the localities and the legends of the place; and he has formed a romance upon it, consisting of the fate of the Lady Jane Grey.

HENRY RUSSELL, OF THE YEAR OF OUR LORD, TWO THOUSAND.—New York: W. H. Graham.—A smooth novel but without point or interest. Upon opening the book our eyes first lighted on the names of Russell and Templeton, and we expected to find a musical "flare-up," but no, all is as stagnant as a standing pool.

THE ARTISAN OF LYONS, OR LOVE'S TRACES.—By Dennis Hannigan.—New York: Wm. H. Graham.—This purports to be an historical romance, the time of which is in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Here are sufficient incidents and they are wrought up in very good style.

GODEY'S LADIES' BOOK, for June 1846.—New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.—It is altogether superfluous to speak of this popular Magazine, which some of our City wits have designated as "The Pet of the Petticoats," from the circumstance of its being held in universal favor by the ladies. The number before us has an elegantly engraved portrait of an "Anonymous Contributor," and a plate of Fashions.

THE LONDON LANCET.—Vol. III. No 5.—New York: Burgess & Stringer, & Co.—The reprint of this invaluable periodical meets with unqualified patronage, and we are not surprised at it, the number before us fully sustains the reputation which it has attained during many years of its literary existence.

THE UNION MAGAZINE, for June 1846.—No. 1.—Philadelphia: R. A. Smith.—This is an elegant monthly periodical of 40 pages of close double columns. The contents are of varied and good quality, and we perceive that the editors aim more at the latter than at mere original matter. The price is \$2 per Annum and each number contains a lithographic and coloured illustration, and a piece of music.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, for March 1846.—N. York: Leonard Scott & Co.—The present number of this eminently critical work contains articles of peculiar interest, such as Modern German Painting, the Geology of Russia, on Ventilation, Newman on the Development of Christian Doctrine, Lives of the Lindsays, Spanish Architecture, Education and Lodging of a Soldier, The Oregon Question, and a Postscript on the Relations between England and the United States.

DEVOTIONAL FAMILY BIBLE.—Part XXIII.—New York: George Virtue, late Martin & Co. 26 John Street.—This fine edition of the Holy Scriptures is beginning to make additional progress, and the part before us contains a splendid engraving on Steel of "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still" from a painting by M. A. Colin.

PROMOTIONS AND EXCHANGES.

WAR-OFFICE, April 21.—11th Light Drags.: Corn. T. Y. Dallas to be Lt. by pur. v. Somerville, who rets.; L. Alexander, Gent. to be Corn. by pur. v. Dallas. —1st Regt. of Ft.: Capt. J. M. Isaac, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. J. M. Carter, who exchs.; H. F. Jones, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Waddilove, prom. in the 9th Ft.—4th Ft.: J. W. Percy, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Coryton, prom.—8th Ft.: Lt. J. Johnston to be Capt. by pur. v. Clowes, who rets.; Ens. R. B. Stowards, from the 13th Ft. to be Lt. by pur. v. Johnston; Assist. Surg. H. C. Martin, from the 87th Ft. to be Assist. Surg. v. Johnstone, who exchs.—9th Ft.: Ens. F. W. D. Waddilove, from the 1st Ft. to be Lt. by pur. v. Forster, whose prom. by pur. has been can.—13th Ft.: Qr.-mstr. Serg. T. Airey to be Ens. without pur. v. Tyler prom.; H. M. Jones, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Stowards, prom. in the 8th Ft.—14th Ft.: Ens. W. C. Trevor to be Lt. without pur. v. Douglas, app. Adj. ; Ens. F. Hammersley to be Lt. by pur. v. Trevor, whose prom. by pur. has been can.; Qr.-mstr. Serg. G. Slater to be Ens. without pur. v. Hammersley; Lt. W. Douglas to be Adj. v. Dwyer prom.—20th Ft.: J. W. D. Adair, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Patterson, prom. 21st Ft.: Sec. Lt. G. C. Dickens to be First Lt. without pur. v. Deare, app. to the Ryl. Cana. Rifle Regt.—22d Ft.: E. S. W. Smith, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Ussher, prom.—23d Ft.: H. Servante, Gent. to be Sec. Lt. without pur. v. Raynes, prom.—25th Ft.: Serg.-Maj. H. M'Beath to be Ens. without pur. v. Smith prom.—28th Ft.: Ens. A. Wright to be Lt. without pur. v. Mitchell, who res.; P. H. P. Aplin, Gent. to be Ens. v. Wright.—32d Ft.: Capt. A. L. Balfour, from the 72d Ft. to be Capt. v. C. A. Baines, who ret. on h.-p. Unatt.—36th Ft.: Ens. W. H. Fortesque to be Lt. by pur. v. Barnston, whose prom. by pur. has been can. 39th Ft.: Assist. Surg. C. F. Stephenson, M. D. from the 50th Ft. to be Assist. Surg. v. Stewart, who exchs.—42d Ft.: J. C. M'Leod, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Chisholm, prom.—50th Ft.: Assist. Surg. L. C. Stewart, from the 39th Ft. to be Assist. Surg. v. Stephenson, who exchs.—68th Ft.: Ens. S. W. H. Hawker to be Lt. without pur. v. Cotton, app. to the Ryl. Cana. Rifle Regt.—70th Ft.: Ens. W. B. Doveton to be Lt. by pur. v. Hopegood, who rets.; J. C. O'Brien, Gent. to be Ens. by pur. v. Doveton. 71st Ft.: T. B. Le Geyt, Gent. to be Ens. without pur. v. Stuart prom. in the Ryl. Cana. Rifle Regt.—72d Ft.: C. A. Warren, from h.-p. Unatt. to be Capt. v. Balfour appointed to the 32d Foot.—74th Foot: Lieutenant C. B. Carlew, to be Capt. by pur. v. Brvt. Maj. Campbell who rets.; Ens. F. Fellowes

